POETRY IN SONG

AND

OTHER ESSAYS

THOMAS EMMET DEWEY

D - 1930

Thomas E. Dewey

"HE DOTH NOT SLEEP—HE HATH AWAKENED
FROM THE DREAM OF LIFE" —*Shelley*

POETRY IN SONG

and Some Other Studies in Literature with a Few Pieces of Verse by Thomas Emmet Dewey Litt D

This Book Contains Discourses on Lanier, Shelley, Keats, Burns, Shakespeare, Literary Truth, Masonry, Etc., Etc.

Including also a Few Pages of Introduction written by Charles Moreau Harger

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ARRA E. DEWEY.

HESE essays have been given as addresses before many Western audiences. Now that the voice of the speaker is stilled, their appearance in printed form should continue their helpfulness. In the field of literature and of art one can do little for others but show the pathway of his wanderings, pointing out the beauties that have been revealed to him, expressing, so far as his limitations allow, the effect upon himself of his discoveries. Such is the theme and purpose of this book.

CONSUMMATION.

BY FLORENCE L. SNOW.

On reading *"Poetry in Song, and Other Essays,"* by Thomas E. Dewey.

In God's good time when this dear life is done,
And we have entered in the boundless sphere,
Assured of endless conquests to be won
Our farthest fancy could not compass here,
How shall we glory in that company
Of gifted spirits followed from afar,
Lanier and Shelley in their apogee,
And steadfast Keats—as his own star.

And in the midst this rare interpreter
Who taught us all together how to prove
The finest fruitage such as these confer
Out of the blossom of poetic love:
What joyous welcome, and what eager praise,
And swift advancing on the heavenly ways!"

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INTRODUCTION.

ARELY in a community where material things overshadow the intellectual and the æsthetic does a man have the love of Art for its own sake so firmly established in his nature as to make him its open and ardent supporter. This part Thomas Emmet Dewey essayed. Born in Victor, New York, in 1859, he entered the turbulent transition days of Kansas at the age of twenty, imbued with eagerness to become a factor in the upbuilding of the State. His profession, the law, confined neither his energies nor his ambitions, and he pursued the study of literature, and of the proper expression of the best ideals of man's soul, into wider fields.

As years passed, he grew in mental stature. He felt the impulse of the advocate, the inspiration of the enthusiast. He gathered under his home roof those whose friendship he cherished, and there unfolded newly-acquired joys of discovery. Abilene, his home town for two decades, soon learned to respect and trust his literary taste; the stamp of his approval went far in the estimation placed on any work of literature or of art. So definite and well-founded were his ideals, that he was deferred to by his townsmen, and later by the best thinkers of Kansas. He became recognized as an authority on the things that it pleased him most to judge, and in a sense this was a realization of his dearest dreams. His power as an uplifting factor in many lives came from his strict adherence to the world's established ethical and æsthetic canons.

Essentially he was a critic. He analyzed, he saw through

the shams. He was so attuned to harmony, be it in literature, religion, music, art or architecture, that violation of perfect form in any degree awoke his impatience. Out here on the plains, in the constructive period of a State's making, people do violate form; they hurry to results, or to what they think are results. This he would not tolerate, and his insistence on right methods because they were right, his demand for art for its own sake, because it satisfied the artist's ideals—and not because it was popular—awoke in some a timid reluctance, lest their theories be shattered. But kinder critic never lived; a more helpful hand was never reached to him who sought the good things of this world; a cleaner example of dignity and respect was never set.

Mr. Dewey's literary grace was a growth. At the first it came from earnest study and thoughtful effort to master the fixed forms of verse—an outcome of his instinct for harmony. From this study he learned to appreciate the whole realm of literature in its purest sense. Such interpreters as Lanier, Shelley and Keats appealed to him. He drank in their tenderness, he reveled in their mysticism. When he wrote or spoke of them, it was with a personal sympathy that told of his own mind's likeness to theirs. With leisure, he would have been a critic of rank with the masters. He would have written literary essays to measure up with the world's best examples. It was in this that he excelled; for this his mind was fitted.

Comparatively little of Mr. Dewey's writing appeared in print—he believed in the spoken word. He made a worthy effort to establish in Kansas a literary magazine, *The Agora*, which possessed high merit and won wide praise. Every day for years he selected the verse printed in a leading newspaper, but only his close friends knew it. He wrote editorials for which others received undeserved credit. If his judgment of literary ways had fault, it was this: he so feared the charge

of commercialism that he did not seek more freely the vast audience of the printed page—there he might have extended his influence far beyond the sphere of the platform.

Not as a creator of literature did Mr. Dewey come to us. He was an interpreter. His lectures and essays herein published were a sincere attempt to bring to others the same thrill of new-found delight he himself felt. He sought to spread the love of literary grace which inspired his own soul. It is in this understanding that these essays and addresses should be read. Thus accepted, they become stepping-stones to the temple in which he was ever a worshiper.

It was inevitable that, with his taste for music and his love for literature, Mr. Dewey should find pleasure in the study of poetry—and in the writing of verse. His finest literary addresses are on the relation of poetry to life and its translation into better living. His own verses, few though they be, breathe an artistic spirit that marks the true student of the world's great poets.

Masonry had for Mr. Dewey a charm and a deeply felt attraction. He rose in its honors until he became Grand Master of Masons in Kansas, and his addresses before the craft were messages of great worth. Many of these, being delivered in the "tiled" communications of the lodges, cannot be here reproduced, but they made better men of all who heard them.

He received from the College of Emporia the degrees of A.B., A.M. and Litt.D. He was president of the Kansas Academy of Language and Literature, a trustee of Midland College, and for some years before his death at Topeka, in June, 1906, he was Reporter for the Supreme Court of Kansas. Many honors, such as are the portion of him whom the community considers a good citizen, were his—and he filled the duties involved with integrity and faithfulness. In matters

of State, of church, of education, of fraternity and of society, he did all his part. His devotion to home,—to wife, daughter and sons,—was in keeping with his manly character. His friendships were many and strong.

All these things, when added to the demands of his profession, made up a busy life. That it was a useful life every acquaintance knew. Kansas lost much in his death—a personality that stood for higher, nobler literary ideals, and the courage to live up to them. His intellect was a helpful monitor in the world of literature, of music, and of all Art's highest and best expression.

C. M. H.

LITERATURE.

POETRY IN SONG.

USIC and Poetry have become widely separated one from the other. Nowadays the best poetry is not intended to be set to music and the best music is not intended to be set to poetry.

In olden times the Egyptian devotee sang and danced and perhaps played some musical instrument before his god, and the three arts of Music, Poetry and Dancing were united in the closest bonds. The same was true to a certain extent among the Jews,—David danced and sang his own poetry before the Ark. Even the Greeks practiced this trio of arts together. Dancing, however, early became a distinct and separate art,—perhaps, because all the poets could not do it gracefully. If there was any one thing that an old-time Greek could not endure, it was awkwardness, and we are considerably like him in that respect.

It may be that music became divorced from poetry because all poets could not sing, but history is silent upon that point as well as upon the other. It would be a blessed law to require every alleged poet to sing his own verses nowadays, for it might force the people to resort to that old Greek custom of ostracism,—which would be an excellent preventive of much bad poetry.

It gives an added charm to the wonderful works of that greatest of all lyric poets, King David of Israel, to think of his Psalms as being sung. One cannot help imagining and longing to know the melody of the music to which the Twenty-third Psalm was sung. No oratorio or grand opera of mod-

ern times could present so inspiring and thrilling scene and chorus as must have been that when those mighty men of Israel, led by David, marched up to the gates of the new city bearing the Ark of the covenant and singing,

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in."

And then came back in holy song the chorus from the men of the city,

"Who is this King of glory?"

and the answer of the men with the Ark,

"The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle;"

and then the final answer after the command and question had been sung again,

"The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory."

There is something more than beauty in that. It is sublime. It moves and elevates the soul—and that is the true object of music and poetry.

We do not often think of Moses as a musician and a poet, but he was both. He was the only man who ever saw God upon earth, and it is hard to believe that God would have revealed Himself in person to one who was other than a musician and a poet. Moses' songs are few, but he who is said to have written the Ninetieth and Ninety-first Psalms deserves the laurel. How majestic must have been those well-remembered words, when sung:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

And nothing but music could have shown the full tenderness of those sweet words which come later in the same Psalm:

"For He shall give His angels charge over thee,
To keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee up in their hands,
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

You had quite forgotten that Moses is supposed to have written that and did it a thousand years before Sappho sung her songs in Greece.

The history of music and of poetry shows that about all the lyric verse that was written from the days of Moses and David and Solomon was sung—from Pindar, who wrote so many and so good hymns and odes that Alexander the Great spared his house when he was reducing Thebes, down to the time of the Minnesingers in Germany and the Troubadours in France, with the possible exception of the expression of Petrarch's love to Laura and Dante's to Beatrice.

For three hundred years the lines of music and poetry have been diverging, with the inevitable result that they are farther apart to-day than ever before.

Is all this well? To answer that, one must know how these arts affect us and how this separation has affected these arts.

The best use a man has for his mind is not the drawing of conclusions, but the construction of ideals. And if the construction of ideals be the highest, richest and purest activity of the mind, then those sentiments or emotions which induce and accompany this mental activity should be and are the highest, richest and purest. When these sentiments are sensuous and objective, resulting in a feeling of the beautiful, they are called æsthetic. You hear music that causes your heart to swell and your eyes to become moist and your memory to wander back to days of old. The feeling within you is a sentiment. It is called æsthetic because of the beauty that is in the object inducing it and because of the beauty

that is in the feeling itself. Now, not everything that is sensuously agreeable produces an æsthetic sentiment. Hence what is it that distinguishes this feeling of the beautiful from ordinary feeling? It is imagination.

No evidence or argument is required to prove that æsthetic sentiments are produced mainly through the senses of sight and sound. We have to do with the latter only, and it includes music and poetry. So if music and poetry, through sound, produce æsthetic sentiments, then imagination must be the distinguishing element of their power. If music and poetry produce æsthetic sentiments, which comprise the construction of ideals, and the construction of ideals be the highest, best and purest use of the mind, then it would be good manners, at least, for some persons to cease throwing stones at our musicians and our poets.

All good music is the result of imagination. The composer creates his harmonies and melodies in his mind and hears them within the concert-chamber of his own brain before he plays and writes them. We read of Mozart that the airs he wrote or played impromptu were only a part of those which the divine faculty played for him to hear, and that he could not well avoid listening to what was going on in his ears or stop it sounding until it had been cast forth upon paper. It is said that Wagner wrote whole operas without touching an instrument or hearing the sound of a single note. In some degree the mother who croons over the child in her arms and the boy who whistles when Saturday comes imagine the sounds that they utter. The imagination, of course, is as crude as the music.

There never was a man who had fallen in love with God or a woman who did not try to sing soon after. The music was in his heart and he wanted to hear it. If men were so endowed that they might utter all the music and poetry that

they hear and feel in their own souls, there would be much more of beauty and of peace in the world.

But, I wish to emphasize the imagination that music creates in those who hear it rather than the imagination which creates the music. That music does create imagination all will admit. That same crooning mother who imagines the song she sings soothes the little one because the music makes him forget himself. That same whistling boy who goes by the door makes you think of the days gone by and long to be a boy again. The mighty music of a pipe organ makes you think of the greatness of God, and its softer tones foretell His tenderness and love.

One wintry day I stood out on the prairie and saw and heard five hundred Russians, with heads bared to the cold north wind, worship God in song. There were only one other and I to listen. They knew not the words they sang, but the music was beautiful, and I doubt not but that it made them create within their minds a better God than the words of a priest would have caused them to do. Farinelli cured Philip V. of Spain of an attack of melancholy which threatened his reason. He did it in no other way than by causing him to think of something besides his own troubles. David gained entrance to the royal household of Israel by being summoned there with his lyre to drive away Saul's madness.

It is remarkable how completely music demonstrates the truth that form, including relation and combination, is necessary to incite imagination. I strike a single note on the piano. It is sensuously agreeable, but it does not arouse æsthetic feeling. But suppose I play the melody of a song, or a combination of chords, then you are not only pleased, but are made to think.

So it is not material only, but form also, that stirs us, and that is true in all the fine arts,—in literature as well as in

music. A learned jurist and litterateur in Kansas remarked to me that he was reading Scott's novels again, and he said that it was the art that made him do it. Of late there is a tendency in some quarters to make sport of the idea that the form of literature is of quite as much importance as the substance, but let me say that seldom does a person read a poem or a story a second time but for the form. The good simple soul, whose only book is the Bible, reads over and over the same beloved chapters; not for the thought—she has that—but for the form of the thought. Every morning we read of most thrilling incidents in the newspapers, and forget them before lunch. When art steps in and clothes these same incidents with the form of pure literature, then we remember them forever and turn to them again to be thrilled again!

Now, how does poetry affect us differently from music?

In the matter of sound there is little difference in the method. The rhythm of verse is no more than quantity in music, and the meter of verse is very like time in music, but the latter is not so varied. The difference in sound is in harmony and melody. Verse has no harmony, and its melody is limited. Music is a set of specially related sounds. So is verse. It impresses itself upon the ear as verse only by means of certain relations existing among its words considered purely as sounds, without reference to their associated ideas. If this be doubted, let some person read to you a selection from an unknown tongue and see how quickly the difference between prose and verse will be detected. Or take a formal poem in our language and substitute other words which preserve the alliteration, accentuation and rhyme, but convey no ideas to the mind. The verse structure has not been impaired. The rhythm is as charming as before and our thoughts wander away uncontrolled. Strange is the effect this rhythm of poetry and music has upon us, and it is the most common thing

in the world. Rhythm is no more than a swaying,—a recurrence of something at regular intervals of space and time. We see it in the rise and fall of the leafy branches, in the winding curves of a river, in the billows of the sea. We hear it in the songs of birds, the moaning of winds, and we feel it in the beating of our own hearts.

Thus, we have seen that, considered as sound only, music and poetry affect us in like manner, differing only in the quantity. Music has unparalleled power to sweep the soul along in the currents of pure but indefinite feeling and to cause the mind to construct great but indefinite ideals because its sounds are so pleasing and its harmonies and melodies so varied. Verse never can reach it in that respect. Therein lies the difference between the singing tones and speaking tones and throws us into the realm of physics.

Both the quantity and the quality of imagination incited by music and verse, considered as sound only, depend greatly on the listener—that is, on different listeners, and on different conditions of the same listener. To some, music brings nothing more than agreeable feelings,—a sort of satisfaction that is akin to the satisfaction that comes with the gratification of one's appetites. Such a feeling is not a sentiment because there is no thought in it. Tolstoi goes so far as to say that some music is so sensuous that it is obscene, which cannot be true. It is true that it has a hypnotic effect on some people. Every man who has loved a woman or seen a religious revival knows that. Science has not yet explained the peculiar sympathy between certain musical tones and the physical organism. I strike a minor chord on the piano and you are sad. The long-drawn-out notes of a violin will melt your heart and you know not why, any more than you know why the lone dog howls when the church-bell rings and the coyote barks when the whistle blows. There is no imagination in

these instances. This unaccountable sensuousness is all that some people get out of music and poetry.

One can speak only incidentally of the imagination expressed in poetry, which I believe to be the greatest thing that has ever come from the brain of man. It is the one thing that makes poets great. Everything else in poetry can be made. God gave the poet imagination, and so "*Poeta nascitur, non fit,*" has been said. Therein lies the secret of Shakespeare's kingship and therein lies the secret of Shelley's waxing glory.

> "*As imagination bodies forth*
> *The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen*
> *Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing*
> *A local habitation and a name.*"

Poetic imagination is the faculty of seeing with the eyes closed and hearing with the ears sealed, and feeling things which exist through the will of the poet's genius.

Keats expressed the idea in an early poem,

> "*Lo, I must tell a tale of chivalry,*
> *For large white plumes are dancing in mine eyes.*"

The poet must not only have the faculty of this seeing, hearing and feeling, but he must be able to hold these conceptions so well in mind as to express them. Every man in some degree is a poet in his own soul, but he is not one on paper. In the words of another, "The true poet has a mind full of very clear images, while ours is filled with confused descriptions." We dream and build castles and become excited and think we are poets. We are not. We are simply getting into a condition to recognize a poet when we see him. We mistake the wish to create for the creative power.

The poet closes his eyes, sees beautiful visions, communes with them and then tells us all about them, or as much as we need to know. He does not tell all. He leaves something

for our imagination to do. Nature is thus. She never quite discloses all her wealth of beauty, but leads us on with the hope and the knowledge that there is something more beautiful beyond. Religion does as much.

There is an old tradition that once Nature disrobed her whole self to a poet and showed him all her beauty. Then she killed him for fear he would tell the secret. And that will make many think of Shelley, and well it may. It hath long seemed to me that Nature disrobed more of her beauty to him than to any poet who ever lived,—that Shelley whose

> "*Sensitive plant in a garden grew*
> *And the young winds fed it with silver dew;*
> *It opened its fan-like leaves to the light*
> *And closed them beneath the kisses of night.*"

Did Nature ever show you as much? She showed it to Shelley—and then she killed him.

What does poetry do for us that music does not?

It takes this imagination of ours that is put in play by the sensuousness of these arts, and directs it, and guides it, and elevates it, and inspires it. It does not let the mind run wild as music does,—often in directions where it ought not to go. But it leads it among green pastures and beside still waters. It rocks it upon the bough of the tree and carries it up toward the summit of the mountain. It maketh it to dwell in the secret places of the Most High, there abiding under the shadow of the Almighty. It giveth angels charge over it.

The effect separation of poetry and music has had upon the arts themselves is this: When they were together music depended upon poetry for its imagination,—its thoughts, and poetry depended upon music for its sensuousness. Had they continued together, the world would have been deprived of most of its really good music. Words have never been set to the best music and never will be. How about grand opera and oratorio? They are not the best music. Who will

dare to limit a symphony or a sonata to the close confines of language?

This isolation of music has resulted in a class of higher composition, called program music, which is intended to convey to the hearer, by means of instruments and without the use of words, a description or suggestion of definite objects, scenes or events. In other words, program music endeavors to control one's thoughts. In the master hands of a Beethoven or a Wagner, the effect is delightful. Managed by one whose soul is not afire with inspiration it is a travesty on musical art.

No rule exists for creating harmony in poetry any more than there is a rule for composing melody in music, though the presence of pronounced vowel sounds is accepted as a distinct value. Take that famous line of Keats' great sonnet,—

"*Silent upon a peak in Darien.*"

That long *i* in "silent" stands out like a peak. Then watch all those vowel sounds. Keats' whole work is remarkable for its melody. Take a line from Tennyson,—

"*All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone.*"

Music is not sweeter than that. But Shelley was the master of this element of form in verse. No English poet before him or since has equalled him in that respect. Keats came nearest. And here I would like to quote line upon line, for in the Shelley songs you catch the full beauty of his work in that respect. In his "Ode to the West Wind," perhaps the greatest lyric in our language, there is a wealth of it,—

"*O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being!*"

and later in the same poem,—

"*Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is.*"

And I cannot help noting specially the first lines of the "Serenade":

"I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright."

It seems such an easy thing to do, but few of the poets attain it in great degree.

Such, briefly, is the effect that Music and Poetry have upon us and the effect that their separation has had upon themselves, and surely it is well that they have become thus separated one from the other.

But let us bring them together again, each to the other in love. Have you in your mind a single piece of verse, committed to memory, that you have not tried to sing in your own way and to your own tune—when walking over expanding prairies, or when alone and all the world has passed without your soul? Let another sing them to another's tune and perhaps there will come to thee somewhat of recognition and satisfaction. One's mind gets full of unheard melodies, and such are the sweetest of all, says Keats, but, just for to-day, let us replace them.

In making selection for this, one cannot be entirely free. Many of the words we would like to hear sung have not been set to music and very much of what has been set to music has been ruined by the composer. The poetry rather than the music has been kept in mind in these illustrations. But learn this: Good poetry can be sung quite as well as doggerel, and it is an infinitely better thing to do. I have no quarrel with the person who enjoys many of the popular songs of the day. The melodies are entrancing, but the effect is not different from that which comes from a dreamy waltz. The human voice is something more than mere mechanism. It ought to do something for us that a violin, a piano, an organ cannot do. The music of it ought to give us a thought, or give ex-

pression to our own best thoughts. Good poetry, in song, will do that.

There is a prevailing tone of sadness and soberness running through most modern lyric verse which results from the extreme tendency toward looking within. It is easy to understand the cause of it. There was not so much of it in earlier times, because the ancients had not so much to regret nor so much to attain as we. The melancholy in David's lyrics is a different sadness from that which pervades modern English verse. David did not nurse his sorrow. He understood it, and understood the cause of it, and he knew where to go for the cure of it.

"How long wilt Thou forget me, O Lord? for ever?
How long wilt Thou hide Thy face from me?
How long shall I take counsel in my soul,
Having sorrow in my heart daily?"

David rebelled against taking counsel in his own soul. The late poets cultivate it. When we sit alone and look into our own hearts we are very liable to be filled with burning regret for the past or intense longing for the unattainable of the future. We do not try to drive it out. We nurse it and tenderly keep it and poets express it, but there is not the less beauty in it.

There is not much of this melancholy in Tennyson's poetry. He was too objective in disposition for that. He had a deep love for Nature, but Nature never became a part of him. He never attained that closeness to it that Wordsworth did, notwithstanding he was much like him. Tennyson was pre-eminently a religious poet and a religious man. He knew, as David knew, where to find peace. And so whenever a shadow may appear in his poetry, underneath it there lies a

hope. Toward the end he wrote "Crossing the Bar," and it shows this characteristic in all its completeness. There is a tinge of sadness as he looks forward to the last voyage, but there is hope, and faith, in the One who will pilot him.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea;
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Considering these poems merely as poems and from a psychological standpoint, they are too short. Emotion comes and goes like the waves and the winds, and that is the reason why it is tedious to read long poems. We go up the hill of feeling—and we come down again. These waves, or uprisings, often do not depend so much upon the quality of the stimuli as upon the starting-point. Poe called attention to this fact, and every man knows it and every student of psychology understands it. The wonder is that so many poets seem to ignore it. Poe suggested, for a test, the reading of the first book of "Paradise Lost." Some parts of it will seem sublime and some only commonplace. Read it again the next day, not beginning at the first of it, then some of those passages which seemed sublime at the first reading will

seem only commonplace, and the commonplace will seem sublime. The wave-line of the emotions has changed—the heart has swelled at different intervals. No better or other argument against the long poem is needed.

To be sure, there are hills and valleys of emotion in the drama and in the novel, and much of their worth depends upon their natural arrangement. The novel leads one over land and water, but the poem is a sea of emotion; hence the reader may be controlled in the story much more than in the poem. The novelist can make his reader rest at certain places, but when the poet undertakes that he drops into prose. Every line of verse that is not emotional is not poetry. No person cares much for Homer in translation; he is great only to those who have been educated to discover the beauties of the original. Great poets have translated his work and transferred much of his beauty to our own language, but they have won for him few lovers. Does not one reason for this lie in the fact that the student takes the original in small portions so that it becomes a series of short poems to him, whereas he who depends upon a translation is very liable to undertake too much? There is only one way to get enjoyment out of a long poem, and that is to stop reading as soon as the reaction of the emotions begins.

Something of that same philosophy has been used by that great American poet, Sidney Lanier. He is the Shelley of American song, in intensity of feeling, and he is one of the greatest masters of rhythm that has ever lived. His verse lacks Shelley's melody, as does every other poet's, but he could put as much beauty into a salt-sea marsh as Shelley could draw from the wind and the moon and the stars. But Lanier had one great thing that Shelley lacked. He had a God—the One who is your God and my God.

"*As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,*
Behold I will build me a nest in the greatness of God;

I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies.

"By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold of the greatness of God;
Oh! like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn."

Was there ever more entrancing rhythm than that? Hath truer worship ever been told? He praised God because God is great, not out of gratitude, and in that greatness he built himself a resting-place. But in this "Evening Song" he sings to his wife, and you will note how he has caught the spirit of Shelley.

"Look off, dear love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands;
Ah! longer, longer, we.

"Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra Night drinks all. 'Tis done;
Love, lay thy hand in mine.

"Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
O Night, divorce our sun and sky apart—
Never our lips, our hands."

Much of the work of some poets seems to have been written to be sung. That is particularly true of Tom Moore and Robert Burns, and like unto them is Jean Ingelow, next to the greatest of women poets. Her verses almost sing themselves. They should be in every household and read to the children. There is an absence of intensity in them—that intensity which requires experience for its appreciation, and for

that reason they are adapted to young minds. They are fresh and healthful and not tainted with the disease of introspection. Coming after most love-songs, it is like a rift in the clouds. There is the joy of new love in it.

"One morning, oh! so early, my beloved, my beloved,
All the birds were singing blithely, as if never they would cease;
'Twas a thrush sang in my garden, 'Hear the story, hear the story;'
And the lark sang, 'Give us glory;'
And the dove said, 'Give us peace.'

"Then I listened, oh! so early, my beloved, my beloved,
To that murmur from the woodland of the dove, my dear, the dove;
When the nightingale came after, 'Give us fame to sweeten duty;'
When the wren sang, 'Give us beauty,'
She made answer, 'Give us love.'

"Sweet is spring, and sweet the morning, my beloved, my beloved;
Now for us doth spring, doth morning, wait upon the year's increase.
And my prayer goes up, 'Oh! give us crowned in youth with marriage glory,
Give for all our life's dear story,
Give us love, and give us peace."

Before leaving this particular field of poetry in song, let me speak of something from that poet of the people, who struck the sincerest note in lyric verse and who found that universal chord in literature to which all hearts are attuned. He never soars—as Shelley does, sometimes beyond our sight —but his feet are firm upon the earth and we stand beside him, seeing as he sees, and loving as he loves. He tells us what we already know, and his songs seem a recognition

rather than a revelation. And hence, perhaps, of these songs of love, this one from Robert Burns will vibrate longest in your memory. In this connection let me call attention to the wonderful singing quality of his songs. They are not poems set to music, but are songs—songs that are to be sung. There seems to be nothing in literature quite like them, except it be the little verses that are scattered throughout Shakespeare. When Shakespeare introduces one of his songs, he so changes the form that it is necessarily associated with the idea of music. For instance:

"Full fathom five thy father lies."

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me."

"Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."

"I know a bank where the wild thyme grows."

Now take the first lines of some of Burns' well-known songs:

"O Mary, at thy window be."

"Oh, my luve is like the red, red rose!"

"Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn."

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes."

"Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray."

This singing quality is of the very essence of song, as imagination is of poetry. Burns sacrifices nothing of sincerity to attain it. The "piercing wail" remains in his sorrow, and the "purest rapture" in his joy. His songs are ever

"Sweet as the smile when lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear."

"Oh! wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I 'd shelter thee, I 'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy shield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

"Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there,
Or were I monarch of the globe,
With thee to reign, with thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen."

Essential elements of poetry are beauty and truth, but this truth that is in poetry has nothing to do with facts. History records facts. Truth in poetry is truth of perception. Whatever seems true to the poet is true. We may never have seen it so, but because we have not seen a thing a certain way is no reason for denying that it is so. The great artist Turner was showing one of his masterpieces to a lady, and she said: "I don't see those colors in the sunset." Turner replied: "I dare say not, but don't you wish you could?" Turner saw them and they were there. How many of us could see the different colors of the rainbow until we were told they were there?

Those who have been fortunate enough to cross these plains to the mountains know that at first sight the mountains seem to be clouds. To the poet they are clouds, and he so says. That is what is meant by truth in poetry, and nothing more. Shakespeare saw Cupid's darts

"Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon."

Milton looked at the Milky Way and called it

> "*A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold*
> *And pavement stars.*"

Shelley looked above and said:

> "*Heaven's ebon vault*
> *Seems like a canopy which love has spread*
> *To curtain her sleeping world.*"

Keats stood before a Grecian urn and, looking at the procession of carven figures, said:

> "*Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought*
> *As doth eternity.*"

This power of perception is what God put into some men and women and made artists and poets out of them. One little poem of Bret Harte's brings out this idea of poetic truth beautifully. A woman hated the wind in the chimney because it reminded her of her dead child; the children thought it a sound from witches and fairies; the poor man lamented the extra fuel; but to the poet it was God's own harmony.

And now let us go to the sweetest and dearest realm of life and literature—childhood. The charm of children's verse lies in its appeal to the young mind's fancy, and fancy is the most charming thing in literature. It is a miniature form of imagination. It is not the children's own—because it is ours as well. While the child has not the higher forms of imagination to make him free, yet he is not the less free through fancy. Therein lies the secret of his happiness, just as therein lies the secret of ours. It is his nature and his right to straddle a stick and call it a horse, to nurse old rags and call them a baby. What symbolists they are! Everything means some-

thing fanciful or fantastic. They are little poets. They not only reproduce, they recombine. They create.

A child's mind is a wild thing—wild because it is free. And it is this wildness which makes us love them. We like nature in that way, and hence we go up to the mountains and down to the sea. And we are happiest when we are wildest in our own minds. We are all dreamers, more than most of us will admit, and then only are we free. The greatest boon that comes to us through the faculty of imagination is this wonderful impression of freedom. The wings of thought never tire and neither winds nor storms, neither land nor water, neither God nor man, retard their flight. They carry one to the high mountain where he may see all the world pass by and call it his, without falling down and worshiping Satan in return. This wonderful impression of freedom has not come to all men. They are like the poor shepherd, who, blinded and lost in the snow-storm, perished within a few feet of his cottage door.

We are getting altogether too practical nowadays. We are afraid to let the mind soar. We laugh at the poets and call them dreamers. Poets are not only free, but they make others free. The ancient British bards had for the title of their order, "Those who are free throughout the world." How are they free? Through symbolism, the same as a child is. To them the length and the breadth and the sweep of a salt-sea marsh means the greatness of God, and the green pastures and still waters mean His loving-kindness. An old soldier will laugh at a poet, but he will throw up his hat when the band plays "Marching through Georgia."

We are all symbolists. As Emerson says: "In our political parties, compute the power of badges and emblems. See the huge wooden ball rolled by successive ardent crowds from Baltimore to Bunker Hill. In the political processions, Lowell

goes in a loom, and Lynn in a shoe, and Salem in a ship. Witness the cider-barrel, the log-cabin, the hickory stick, the palmetto, and all the cognizances of party. See the power of national emblems. Some stars, lilies, leopards, a crescent, a lion, an eagle, or other figure, which came into credit God knows how, on an old rag of bunting, blowing in the wind, on a fort, at the ends of the earth, shall make the blood tingle under the rudest or the most conventional exterior. The people fancy they hate poetry, and they are all poets and mystics."

Once in awhile we come across parents who have such a distorted view of the nature of truth that they seem to take delight in clipping the wings of their children's minds. They take away the Christmas stocking and Æsop's Fables. He is cruel, indeed, who would destroy a young child's fancy. Reality is not truth. Everything to a child is what it seems, and a child is the happiest thing in the world. Why? Because he is like a poet.

I would rather my boy should know the siege of Troy than the battle of Waterloo, if he is to know but one of them. I would rather have him dream himself into happiness than try to buy his way in. I would rather have him never hear of Queen Elizabeth than never hear of Perdita. I would rather have him catch some of the inspiration of a Mozart than the wisdom of a Solon, if he can have but one.

"What care though owl did fly
About the great Athenian admiral's mast;
What care, though striding Alexander passed
The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?
Juliet leaning
Amid her window-flowers, sighing, weaning
Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow,
Doth more avail than these; the silver flow
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-day of empires."

There are two kinds of children's verse—that which gives expression to the child's own best thoughts, and that which leads the child's mind into a new realm. In fact, this is true of all poetry, but the distinction is more noticeable in the juvenile field. The true test of the worth of all juvenile literature is whether or not it interests the adult mind. There is no place for "baby-talk" in literature. There may be a place for it in the nursery. Great conversations are carried on between mothers and babies, but they are "privileged communications" and are none of your business or mine. Of verses for children I note especially the work of Robert Louis Stevenson and Frank Dempster Sherman, whose books ought to be in every household.

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer,
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
*I find my vessel fast.**

Have you ever thought how destitute of everything concerning children is Ancient Literature? In the poetry preserved to us there is little mention of them until the present century, and most of that is the product of the last decade. There

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are touches here and there through the classics. Homer says:

"Why weeps Patroclus like an infant child,
That prays her mother, by whose side she runs,
To take her up, and, clinging to her gown,
Impedes her way, and still with tearful eyes
Looks in her face, until she takes her up?"

And there is a fragment of one of Sappho's songs which seems to have been a part of a lullaby:

"Hesperus brings all things back
Which the daylight made us lack—
Brings the sheep and goats to rest,
Brings the baby to the breast."

There is the one touch in the Iliad, where the little Astyanax becomes frightened at the plumes in his father's helmet:

"Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground."

It has been intimated, as a reason for the scarcity of references to child life by the ancients, that in the early world the general spirit of man was more childlike and tender lives were looked at with less wistful eyes than our own.

But we, less filled with the joy of living, more tired of the market and the forum, disgusted with the lying and deceiving, turn with increasing interest to childhood with its unbounded capacities for love and faith, with its wonderful sense of the very goodness of existence. There is nothing on earth which comes nearer to our hearts than songs and verses

about children. They may not carry us so far up among the clouds as the deeper songs do, but they keep us firmly in touch with that which is best in life. They melt our hearts as no other literature can. They make us better men and women. Nothing outside of heaven will so quickly crowd a bad love out of a man's heart as the love of a child, and the next best thing to the real love is the expression of it—in songs and verses.

Take, for instance, these two charming poems by Frederick Locker:

"I recollect a nurse called Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fair young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass;
She did not make the least objection;
Thinks I, 'Aha!
When I can talk I 'll tell mamma,'—
And that 's my earliest recollection."

"The widow—she had only one:
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The widow's mite.

"The widow's mite—ay, so sustain'd,
She battled onward, nor complained
Tho' friends were fewer;
And while she toiled for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

"I saw her then—and now I see
That, though resign'd and cheerful, she
Has sorrow'd much;
She has, He gave it tenderly,
Much faith; and, cheerfully laid by,
A little crutch."

Or this on "The Cradle," by Austin Dobson:

"How steadfastly she 'd worked at it;
How lovingly had drest,
With all her would-be mother's wit,
That little rosy nest.

"How lovingly she 'd hang on it;
It sometimes seemed, she said,
There lay beneath its coverlet
A little sleeping head.

"He came at last, the tiny guest,
Ere bleak December fled;
That rosy nest he never prest—
Her coffin was his bed."

What could be more delightful than Charles Kingsley's "The Old, Old Song"?

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen—
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

"When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down—
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young."

In all my search for poetry about children, I have found nothing containing such a combination of strength and tenderness as "Mother and Child," by Dr. George Macdonald.

There is not much peace in it, but rather that sweet unrest that God has put into our hearts to make us long for Him.

"My child is lying on my knees;
The signs of heaven she reads;
My face is all the heaven she sees,
Is all the heaven she needs.
I mean her well so earnestly,
Unchanged in changing mood;
My life would go without a sigh,
To bring her something good.

"I also am a child, and I
Am ignorant and weak;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I cannot speak,
For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The infinite of God.

"Lo, Lord, I sit in Thy wide space,
My child upon my knee;
She looketh up unto my face,
And I look up to Thee."

The first piece I ever spoke—after I became six feet and four inches tall—was Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue." At that time no person in my audience had heard it, now one cannot find a person in any audience who has not heard it. It has grown old, but, somehow, it has not grown hackneyed. It illustrates the idea brought out earlier in the lecture—that it is the form rather than the substance in literature that makes it dear to us. The incident recorded in this little poem might occur in our next-door neighbor's house, and we would forget it before we would forget this "Little Boy Blue" of Eugene Field's. To some it may bring a memory of the past—of some other little blue-eyed boy whom you loved and whose

coming the little toy playthings are waiting. To others it may bring the image of a dreaded future, and a fear that an angel song may awaken a "Little Boy Blue" of yours, and his toys "grow red with rust." And what a haunting fear that is to the parent of a child!

"The little toy dog is covered with rust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

" 'Now, don't you go till I come,' he said,
'And don't you make any noise.'
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamed of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

"Aye faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
*Since he kissed them and put them there."**

It is the afterglow which constitutes the value of poetry, and if you will look into your own hearts, you can tell whether or not poetry has a mission for you and what that mission is.

We often fail to make the distinction between the mis-

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sion of art and the purpose of the artist. It matters little to you or to me whether or not these poets had a worthy purpose when they wrote these songs, but it matters much whether or not these songs have exerted a worthy influence upon you and me.

What is meant by this mysterious ethical nature of poetry? Simply this: It should make us "larger, freer, more sensitive, more aspiring, more tender, quicker to seek whatsoever things are pure, and whatsoever things are just and of good report." It should stimulate our interest in men and women, quicken our sympathies, start our tears, and call out our deepest feelings.

Hath aught of these things come to you? Sometimes it is hard—very hard to define ourselves. We do not know just where we are. There seems about us some sweet influence that makes our life to-day better and larger and happier than yesterday. Some ethical power hath wrought it. If from the absorption of poetic ideals shall come into our hearts a kindlier sentiment for a man or a woman or a child or a flower, because of what vibrates in our memory, then shall we know that poetry has a mission for us.

A man remarked to me recently that poets and students of poetry were dreamers and that there was no place for them in this day and age. That same man drinks intoxicating liquors every day that he lives. For what? Simply to make himself dream—to make his life seem less sordid. It is infinitely better to get intoxicated on poetry than on strong drink, and it is less injurious to one's health and family and friends.

Why should a man not dream? Why should a man not have visions? Call them "baseless fabrics" if you will, but the truth still remains that it is only through such idealism that the world is made better and souls are saved. On such foundations are our churches builded, on such foundations is our

religion based. Aye, even the God we worship dwells in such a realm.

And so I plead for poetry. Never a man hath lived so low or so high but that it hath elevated his thoughts, and only as our thoughts are elevated and our hearts purified can we attain to a true comprehension of "Him that walketh on the wings of the wind."

Oh, what guides these poets be! They stand on the topmost peaks of the highest mountains and "beckon us to the abode where the eternal are."

SIDNEY LANIER.

IT IS generally admitted that no poet can be thoroughly understood until his life is thoroughly understood. It may be that in these days the veil has been withdrawn too far—in truth, it seems as though editors and publishers have been vying with one another in bringing to light the very things that famous men would not care to have the world know. Yet, "personality is the most potent teacher," another has said, "and happy is the nation that knows its own great men." There ought to be nothing in the life of a man who tells a noble truth to make one question the sincerity of his utterances or wonder that such beauty in the thought should fail to beautify the life. Many a heart would find more comfort in the inspired songs of David did it not know the story of Bath-Sheba. Great sonnets have been written by unworthy men, yet somehow no responsive chord comes from the reader's breast and he cannot help wishing that he knew less about their lives. But there is a beauty and a purity, a longing and a sorrowing in the life of Sidney Lanier that give his words a charm that enthralls.

> "*His song was only living aloud,*
> *His work, a singing with the hand.*"

One does not hesitate to withdraw the veil from his life, though some of it seems too hallowed for thee and me. I should hesitate at times had not the revelations come with the consent of her who was best beloved by him. She hesitated, too,

but not because there was aught to be concealed, but because much of it had been for her only. What she has given to the world, she has given hoping that thereby she might win the love of others for him, believing that his ways and words to her would touch other hearts as well.

Lanier was born fifty years ago, at Macon, Ga., in the land of the marshes. He was descended from a Huguenot family whose earlier members were famous at the court of the Stuarts for their gifts of music and love of art. In the early part of the last century they came to Virginia, and the name is honored throughout the South. At the age of fourteen Sidney entered Oglethorpe College as a sophomore. After he was graduated and while he was tutoring at the college, the war opened, and the first call to arms from the Confederates found him marching toward Virginia. He and a beloved younger brother enlisted as privates. They were tent companions, and three times Sidney declined promotion because it would have rendered necessary their separation. However, they were at last separated, each being placed in command of a privateer. Sidney was captured and not released until a few days before Lee surrendered. He reached home emaciated and feeble, only in time to witness his mother's death from consumption—that dread disease with which his own life was ever after a prolonged struggle. The next few years he spent clerking and teaching, and finally settled down to study and practice law with his father at Macon, having married in the meantime. He was now thirty years old, just ready to begin life, and there came to him the conviction that he had but a short time in which to do his life-work. He went to New York for medical assistance, and later to Texas for a change of air, but he was not healed.

Having determined to devote what remained of life and strength to music and literature, he went to Baltimore in 1873,

to find opportunity for broader study, supporting himself there by playing the flute in the Peabody Symphony concerts. His studies resulted in his being offered a lectureship on English literature in Johns Hopkins University, bringing with it the assurance of a fixed income, the first since his marriage twelve years before. Little benefit did he get from it, though, for the final fever came upon him a year later, and after fourteen months of a hopeless struggle for breath, the light of his life went out in the mountains of North Carolina. Only his wife was there. They would not have had it otherwise.

But there was more in the life of Sidney Lanier than a birth, a war, a marriage, a professorship and a death—there was music and there was love. At a very early age he showed a passionate fondness for music and wonderful powers as a musician. He could play upon any musical instrument which came within his reach, but his favorite was the violin. This, however, he laid aside for the flute, yielding to his father's fear of the fascination of the violin. It is said that several times in his boyhood he passed into a state of trance while he was playing. Yet with all his inclination and the natural bent of his nature to music, up to maturity he could not help sharing the common idea that it was small business and that he must hold himself in check. He could not do it, though, and even in his college days we find in his note-book the question, "What is the province of music in the economy of the world?" He answered that question soon after when he said: "Music means harmony, harmony means love, love means—God!" Afterward, when in New York, he wrote his wife:

"I have so many fair dreams and hopes about music in these days. It is a gospel whereof the people are in great need. As Christ gathered up the ten commandments and redistilled them into the clear liquid of that wondrous eleventh, love God utterly and thy neighbor as thyself, so I think the

time will come when music, rightly developed to its now little foreseen grandeur, will be found to be a later revelation of all gospels in one. Only think how it is beginning to do the people's worship in the churches!"

Toward the end, when he had enriched his mind with much learning and cultivated it with much close reasoning, he answered that question again, declaring:

"That music is the characteristic art-form of the modern time, as sculpture is of the antique and painting is of the mediæval time."

"That this is necessarily so in consequence of certain curious relations between unconventional musical tones and the human spirit—particularly the human spirit at its present stage of growth."

"That this growth indicates a time when the control of masses of men will be more and more relegated to each unit thereof, when the law will be given from within the bosom of each individual—not from without—and will rely for its sanction upon desire instead of repugnance."

"That in intimate connection with this change in man's spirit there proceeds a change in man's relation to the Unknown, whereby (among other things) that relation becomes one of love rather than of terror."

"That music appears to offer conditions most favorable to both these changes, and that it will therefore be the reigning art until they are accomplished, or at least greatly forwarded."

After all, these five declarations mean just what he said fifteen years before: "Music means harmony, harmony means love, love means—God!"

Returning to that time, we find that ever after he and his flute were inseparable. Even when taken prisoner in the war, he slipped it up his sleeve, and during those long months of confinement he made the burden lighter to those around him.

In the early years succeeding the war, music was his life. He even took down the tones of birds and spent his leisure hours in setting his own songs, then very few, and those of others to notes. There was not much else for him to do at that time, for with the younger generation at the South pretty much the whole of life was merely not dying, as he wrote Bayard Taylor afterward.

It was during his stay in Texas, five years after his marriage, that he finally yielded to the conviction that special talents had been given him and that there was a holy obligation resting upon him to make use of them during the short life that remained for him. It was then that he first opened wide the windows of his soul. He was even happy, though battling with the dread consumption. To his wife he wrote:

"Were it not for some circumstances which make such a proposition seem absurd in the highest degree, I would think that I am shortly to die and that my spirit hath been singing its swan-song before dissolution. All day my soul hath been cutting swiftly into the great space of the subtle, unspeakable deep, driven by wind after wind of heavenly melody. The very inner spirit and essence of all wind-songs, bird-songs, passion-songs, folk-songs, country-songs, sex-songs, soul-songs, and body-songs hath blown upon me in quick gusts like the breath of passion, and sailed me into a sea of vast dreams, whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody."

After deciding to make Baltimore his home and having entered upon his engagement with the Peabody Symphony Society, he wrote his father a long letter of justification, and among many other things, said:

"Why should I—nay, how *can* I settle myself down to a third-rate, struggling lawyer for the balance of my little life, as long as there is a certainty also absolute that I can do some other things so much better? Several persons, from whose

judgment in such matters there can be no appeal, have told me, for instance, that I am the greatest flute-player in the world; and several others of equally authoritative judgment have given me an almost equal enouragement to work with my pen. (Of course, I protest against the necessity which makes me write such things about myself. I only do so because I so appreciate the love and tenderness which prompts you to desire me with you that I will make the fullest explanation possible of my course out of reciprocal honor and respect for the motives which lead you to think differently from me.) My dear father, think how, for twenty years, through poverty, through pain, through weariness, through sickness, through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college and of a bare army and then of an exacting business life, through all the discouragements of being wholly unacquainted with literary people and literary ways—I say, think how, in spite of all these depressing circumstances and of a thousand more which I could enumerate, these two figures of Music and of Poetry have steadily kept in my heart so that I ould not banish them. Does it not seem to you as to me, that I begin to have the right to enroll myself among the devotees of these two sublime arts, after having followed them so long and so humbly, and through so much bitterness?"

The battle was now fought, and Art had won.

Before showing you the effect of this life of harmony upon his poetry let me go back and tell you something of his home life. Two years after the war, and while he was principal of an academy, he married Mary Day. The marriage was a most congenial one. Her faith in his future was most stimulating and it never faltered in the dark years that followed. The greatest sorrow of his life was his inability to bestow upon her the offerings which love prompted. At times there was a struggle for necessaries even, and he surely drew a picture of

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himself in that early poem, "June Dreams in January," when he tragically says:

> " '*Read me, he cried, and rose, and stamped his foot*
> *Impatiently at Heaven, 'read me this,'*
> *(Putting th' inquiry full in the face of God,)*
> *'Why can we poets dream us beauty, so,*
> *But cannot dream us bread? Why, now, can I*
> *Make—aye, create this fervid throbbing June*
> *Out of the chill, chill matter of my soul,*
> *Yet cannot make a poorest penny-loaf*
> *Out of this same chill matter, no, not one*
> *For Mary, though she starved upon my breast?'*
> *And then he fell upon his couch, and sobbed,*
> *And, late, just when his heart leaned o'er*
> *The very edge of breaking, fain to fall,*
> *God sent him sleep.*"

There was a communion between this man and woman that was very tender. The best that was within him was for her—no joy seemed complete without her. The few letters that she has permitted others to read disclose a life and a love that have come to women rarely. About two years after their marriage he was in New York and there in the silent night he wrote to her:

"I 've just come from the 'Tempest,' at the Grand Opera House, and my heart has been so full that although they are about to shut off lights, I must scratch a line to carry my last thought to you before I sleep. In one interlude between the scenes we had a violin solo. Adagio, with soft accompaniment by orchestra. As the fair, tender notes came they opened like flower buds expanding into flowers under the sweet air of the accompaniment. Kind keaven! My head fell on the seat in front; I was utterly weighed down with great loves and great ideas and divine inflowings and devout outflowings. As each note opened and became a bud again and died into a fresh birth in the next bud note, I also lived and grew and expanded

and folded back again and died out and was born again and partook of the unfathomable mysteries of flowers and tones."

Again he wrote her from the same place:

"I went at one o'clock to-day to hear Nilsson. She sang in a concert at Steinway Hall. Mlle. Nilsson singeth as thou and I love. She openeth her sweet mouth and turneth her head to one side like a mocking-bird in moonlight, and straightway cometh forth the purest silver tones that ever mortal voice made. Her pianissimo was like a dawn which crescended into a glorious morn of tone, which then did die into a quiet grave twilight of clear melodious whisper."

All through his verse he sings of the beloved wife. There are songs of absence, songs of acknowledgment, songs of pleading and songs in praise of Mary, and the greatest of them all is "My Springs," a little poem written soon after they had come to live in Baltimore. After acknowledging the inspiration, the hope, the encouragement, the reward, these have brought to him, he sweetly says:

"O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,—
My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

"Oval and large and passion-pure
And gray and wise and honor-sure;
Soft as a dying violet-breath,
Yet calmly unafraid of death;

"Thronged, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,
With wife's and mother's and poor-folks' loves,
And home-loves and high glory-loves
And science-loves and story-loves,

"And loves for all that God and man
In art and nature make or plan,
And lady-loves for spidery lace
And broideries and supple grace

"And diamonds and the whole sweet round
Of littles that large life compound,
And love for God and God's bare truth,
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth.

"Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete—
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,—
I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine."

Such was the woman that Sidney Lanier loved. She at least was such to him. With the halo of his work above her, she merits our profoundest admiration and love. In a letter to me she seems just the one he described. She says:

"Whoever cares for my husband is sure find my interest awake, and I could not easily tire of making him better known to any who seek that knowledge in love or in need of him, while there remained to me any strength for the endeavor. But most of my life—even my physical life—left me when he left me, and I have long been a confirmed invalid, unable to complete any good work."

Constituted as he was, how different would have been his life and work without her! Of her help to him he told when he sang:

"By the more height of thy sweet stature grown,
Twice-eyed with thy gray vision set in mine,
I ken far lands to wifeless men unknown,
I compass stars for one-sexed eyes too fine."

From what has been said one might conclude that Sidney Lanier was only the musician, the lover, the dreamer. He was more. He was a scholar and a student. While he hedged his music and poetry with a sort of divinity, yet within him there was a deep realization of the necessity of the profoundest scholarship, and he did not hesitate to express himself forc-

ibly in regard to the lack of it in some of his contemporaries.

There was nothing weak about this man except his poor, frail, consumptive body; yet within that there was a martial spirit and a Christian manliness that commanded respect. He came very near his own ideal, although he did not know it. With Whitman, a great stalwart man, in perfect health, all brawn and rude muscle, was the ideal of strength. With Lanier, a self-sacrificing invalid man or woman meant much more. With Whitman, a republic was made out of muscle and prairies and rocky mountains. With Lanier, a republic was made of the spirit, depending upon the self-control of each member. With Whitman, the true democrat was the bearded rough, combative and strong, but Lanier's democrat was "one who was strong enough to handle hell and play ball with the earth, albeit his stature may be no more than a boy's; one whose height shall be the height of great resolution and love and faith and beauty and knowledge and subtle meditation, whose head shall be forever among the stars."

I have given you this much of biography because without it his poetry—much of it—would be unappreciated. There is much more that is sad and sweet and beautiful and pure and true which ought to be known, but it is far beyond the limits of this study. You have been told enough to expect much, and I am confident that every student has found in his poetry just what the story of his life would cause him to look for. He was a most devout worshiper of beauty and his verse is no more than the expression of that worship. As every man creates his own God in great degree, so Lanier created this beauty and sought to have us see it as he saw it. We cannot do that, but the longer we look the more we can see, and the more familiar we become with his personality the better enabled are we to stand in his stead.

Whatever I may say in regard to his poetry will be told with Poe's definition in mind—that poetry is the rhythmical cre-

ation of beauty. It is beauty that transports and elevates the soul. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder said at the dedication of the Fine Arts Building in New York:

"In dedicating your Temple to the sacred and saving name of beauty—that name which no cant or familiarity can degrade, which age cannot wither or custom stale—you will dedicate it to joy, for that is one of the elements of beauty; to perpetual youth, for beauty is always young; to charity, for true charity resides ever in beauty; to truth, for, as every poet has sung, beauty is truth. You will dedicate it to beauty of life, to beauty of thought, to beauty of soul. Yes, my fellow artists, there is no such thing as superficial beauty; the spirit of beauty is strenuous; it does not deal with prettinesses and pettinesses; it is severe; it is sometimes touched with harshness, and always at its highest with solemnity."

Lanier believed all this and more. He believed that there could be no true art which is not in harmony with the "holiness of beauty" and suggestive of the "beauty of holiness."

Again, in calling attention to his work, I shall not heed the *pseudo* criticism which puts genius at war with art and substance with form. Genius is the great artist—the form of poetry is of the substance. Mr. Aldrich expressed the idea most beautifully when he said:

"The workmanship wherewith the gold is wrought
Adds yet a richness to the richest gold:
Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.

"The statue's slumber were unbroken still
Within the marble, had the hand no skill.
Disparage not the magic touch that gives
The formless thought the grace whereby it lives!"

Lanier devoted his last years to studying and disseminat-

ing a knowledge of this art. In one of his last lectures at Johns Hopkins University he said:

"Once, for all, remembering the dignity of form as we have traced it, remembering the relations of Science as the knowledge of forms, of Art as the creator of beautiful forms, of Religion as the aspiration towards unknown forms and the unknown Form-Giver, let us abandon this unworthy attitude towards form, towards science, towards technic, in literary art, which has so long sapped our literary endeavor."

Verse is a set of specially related sounds. It impresses itself upon the ear as verse only by means of certain relations existing among its words considered purely as sounds, without reference to their associated ideas. If you doubt this, let some person read you a selection from an unknown tongue and see how quickly you will detect the difference between prose and verse. Or take a formal poem in our language and substitute other words which preserve the alliteration, accentuation and rhyme, but convey no ideas to the mind, and it will be found that the verse structure has not been impaired. If, therefore, the ear accepts as perfect verse a series of words from which ideas are wholly absent, it is clear that verse is a set of specially related sounds. A book devoted wholly to the science of these sounds was written by Lanier. For that reason the application of them by him to his own work ought to be an interesting study.

First, let us look at his use of alliteration, and at the outset it will be necessary to discover what alliteration is and how it should be used according to his testimony and that of others. Alliteration occurs where the initial vowel sounds or consonant sounds of two or more consecutive, or near, accented syllables are the same. In the rhyme these initial sounds are necessarily different, and to this extent alliteration is the counterpart of rhyme. According to this definition, the first letters of words do not always make the alliteration, but the first accented sounds,

which very often come in the middle of words. Take the well-known line of Tennyson,

"*The moan of doves in immemorial elms.*"

Here we have the double alliteration on the *m*-sounds and *o*-sounds in the same word, which shows that the initial letters have nothing to do with it necessarily. Hence alliteration is not apparent to all, and very often only the trained critic will discover that it is the secret of the beauty which is so evident. Read to the average audience some of the most musical lines of Tennyson and Swinburne. You would charm them, but very few could tell you the method of it. They might scan the lines, and if they should, give them other lines which would scan the same but for some reason do not charm and affect the emotions. How many do you suppose would discover that subtle tone-color and alliteration which constitutes the difference?

Alliteration must be used unconsciously. Whenever it is so used as to make any claim on its own account, it is vulgar. Lanier himself says that when it attracts any attention as alliteration, it is loud.

Like rhyme, it has no other reason for its existence than the means of securing music in the poem, and the quality of music it effects is purely emotional. In other words, certain kinds of emotion tend to alliterative language. There is a tenderness in tones, and naturally and unconsciously we drop into the harmony of sounds in the expression of certain feelings. That is true alliteration. It is in the cooing of the dove, the soothing of the parent, the pleading of the child, the wooing of the lover. The repetition of words, sometimes phrases, has the same effect when done unconsciously. Space will not permit me to give many illustrations of Lanier's genius in this line, but I cannot refrain from referring to one or two. In the little poem "The Dove" it is apparent in almost every line:

"If haply thou, O Desdemona Morn,
Shouldst call along the curving sphere, 'Remain,
Dear Night, sweet Moor; nay, leave me not in scorn!'
With soft halloos of heavenly love and pain;

Shouldst thou, O Spring! a-cower in coverts dark,
'Gainst proud supplanting Summer sing thy plea,
And move the mighty woods through mailed bark
Till mortal heart-break throbbed in every tree;

"Or (grievous if that may be yea o'er soon)
If thou, my heart, long holden from thy sweet,
Shouldst knock Death's door with mellow shocks of tune,
Sad inquiry to make—When shall we meet?

"Nay, if ye three, O Morn! O Spring! O Heart!
Shouldst chant grave unisons of grief and love;
Ye could not mourn with more melodious art
Than daily doth yon dim sequestered dove."

Of those sixteen lines, twelve contain alliteration, yet it is all so natural, so unconscious, the sound seems so completely an echo of the sense, that we do not realize what has charmed us. Again, in that greatest and last of his works, that sublime hymn of the marshes, "Sunrise," an inspired illustration occurs. According to the poem, he has arisen while it is yet perfectly dark, having dreamed all night long

"Of the live-oak, the marsh, and the main,"

and gone out to hide in the "gospelling glooms" of his live-oaks in a marsh on the coast of Georgia. There, embracing one of his "burly-barked, man-bodied" trees, the tears flowed. Looking up, he could see the gloss of the leaves which appeared like designs on the blackness of night, and taught him that he knew somewhat more than he knew—a feeling that comes to us at times when our thoughts run away in the still hour—then pleading, he said:

"Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,
Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves.
Oh! rain me down from your darks that contain me
Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me,—
Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet
That advise me of more than they bring—repeat
Me the woods-smell that swiftly but now brought breath
From the heaven-side bank of the river of death,—
Teach me the terms of silence,—preach me
The passion of patience,—sift me,— impeach me,—
And there, oh there,
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the air,
Pray me a myriad prayer!"

Hath greater poetry ever been written? There is certainly no more ideal piece of alliteration in our language.

In this connection let me mention what Lanier calls "tone-color," which is sometimes alliteration but more often the counterpart of it. This tone-color of course exists in prose as well as in verse, but its effect is much greater in the latter, where so much depends on the pleasure of the ear. It has been said that if rhythm is the anatomy of verse, then tone-color is the flesh-tint which clothes it with life and animation. We all know, as has been said in part before, that certain tones are naturally significant of certain emotions and expressive of certain ideas. Though these are indefinable, yet they are unmistakable. Perhaps the greatest line in our language illustrating this is Tennyson's

"And murmuring of innumerable bees."

Lanier used this tone-color in the line of imitation and suggestiveness most effectively in the "Song of the Chattahoochee," and it stands side by side with Tennyson's "Brook." It is a

piece of descriptive music, and the old river seems to be within sight and hearing. The first stanza is:

"Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at a rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall."

With Lanier, however, the idea of tone-color meant much more than imitation and suggestiveness. He carried it into the distribution of his vowels and consonants, with the object of securing agreeable successions of them in the line. Much good verse has been ruined by a weak succession of vowel sounds or an unfortunate junction of consonants in adjacent words. It is one of those secret methods of creating beauty, but the beauty is very apparent, even to the uninitiated. Rhyme is an element of this tone-color, but that needs no exposition here. In regard to Lanier's use of it, I desire to say only that he rarely used imperfect or forced rhymes, that he never sacrificed sense to sound and never let it lead him astray.

In treating of his art, I have reserved for the last that feature which is its chief characteristic—rhythm. He mastered that—it was a part of him—he lived under its charm and was susceptible to the grace of all swaying movements in Nature. Rhythm is no more than a swaying—a recurrence of something at regular intervals of space or time. He saw it in the rise and fall of the leafy branches, in the winding curves of a river, in the billows of the sea. He heard it in the songs of birds, the moaning of winds, aye, in the beating of his own heart. Hoping that others might see and understand it as he

did and thereby some sort of a scientific basis of criticism be established, he delivered at Johns Hopkins University and afterward published a course of lectures on the Science of English Verse. The general impression seems to be that it is a collection of rules for writing poetry, but it is nothing of the kind. One would not expect a work on the science of entomology to be a collection of rules for making bugs, or one on geology a collection of rules for making rocks. He simply observes and classifies all the phenomena of rhythm, of tune, and of tone-color so far as they can be indicated through the medium of spoken English words. He reduces all rhythm to musical notation and treats it accordingly. There is much close analysis in the book and one can easily lose his way therein. There is certainly much method in it to a man of ordinary musical cultivation and inclination, and to one of Lanier's musical genius it must mean much more.

Lanier not only knew the science of rhythm, but he had the art of using it. He could not have written an unrhythmical line any more than the natural singer could utter a false tone. He made it mean what he felt and almost what he wanted to say. Much of his verse is in the usual iambic—in fact, most of it, for that is really the basis of all rhythm, but his greatest effects have been obtained in the anapestic. This is used much in "Sunrise" and "The Marshes of Glynn," where there are such unparalleled lines as these:

> "*And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,*
> *And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem*
> *Like a lane into Heaven that leads from a dream.*"

In the "Centennial Cantata," which received naught but ridicule at the time, but is of late years gaining much appreciation, he showed his wonderful mastery of rhythm. In the opening chorus, sober yet majestic, written for full, long chords, we find the stately trochees:

"From this hundred-terraced height,
Sight more large with nobler light
Ranges down yon towering years."

And when the whispering chorus comes in, there are the quick-moving dactyls:

"Huguenots whispering 'yea' in the the dark,
Puritans answering 'yea' in the dark!"

Then toward the close, in the chorus of jubilation, come the native iambics:

"Now praise to God's oft-granted grace,
Now praise to man's undaunted face."

I have dwelt so long upon the time and the tones of his verse to show how indelibly stamped upon his work is the music of his life. He lived in the realm of perfect tone, never admitting that music is a species of language, but always insisting and proving that language is a species of music. In "The Symphony" he carried this idea so far as to include the entire poem. It represents one movement of a symphony rather than an entire work. The theme is that immortal line,

"The time needs heart—'tis tired of head,"

and the modulations, as in music, are the greatest parts of it. After the stringed instruments have finished the theme, he says:

"And then, as when from words that seem but rude
We pass to silent pain that sits abrood
Back in our heart's great dark and solitude,
So sank the strings to gentle throbbing
Of long chords change-marked with sobbing—
Motherly sobbing, not distinctlier heard
Than half-wing openings of the sleeping bird,
Some dream of danger to her young hath stirred,

Then stirring and demurring ceased, and, lo!
Every least ripple of the strings' song-flow
Died to a level with each level bow
And made a great chord tranquil-surfaced so,
As a brook beneath his curving bank doth go
To linger in the sacred dark and green
Where many boughs the still pool overlean
And many leaves make shadow with their sheen
But presently
A velvet-flute note fell down pleasantly
Upon the bosom of that harmony,
And sailed and sailed incessantly,
As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone
And boat-wise dropped o' the convex side
And floated down the glassy tide
And clarified and glorified
The solemn spaces where the shadows bide.
From the warm concave of that fluted note
Somewhat half song, half odor, forth did float,
As if a rose somehow might be a throat."

Then follows the theme and the long list of living growths for which the flute speaks might almost serve as the catalogue of a botanist. The flute-tone was nearest to the heart of Nature with him, and through it all Nature cries out for love and against trade.

" 'I 'm all for heart,' the flute-voice said,
And into sudden silence fled,
Like as a blush that while 'tis red
Dies to a still, still white instead.

"Thereto a thrilling calm succeeds,
Till presently the silence breeds
A little breeze among the reeds
That seems to blow by sea-marsh weeds;

"Then from the gentle stir and fret
Sings out the melting clarionet,
Like as a lady sings while yet
Her eyes with salty tears are wet."

It is a plaintive minor strain that the clarionet plays, pleading for love and ending with those memorable lines:

"Woe him that cunning trades in hearts contrives!
Base love good women to base loving drives.
If men loved larger, larger were our lives;
And wooed they nobler, won they nobler wives."

The other instruments in turn take up the melody, and it all ends with a quatrain, the last line of which is the greatest he ever wrote:

"And yet shall Love himself be heard,
Though long deferred, though long deferred;
O'er the modern waste a dove hath whirred;
Music is Love in search of a word."

So much for the art in Sidney Lanier's poetry. Many are asking if it did not hamper and delay his power of adequate expression. I believe his art was unconscious in great degree—just as unconscious as are your good grammar and well-chosen words. I have not found anything in his work that would indicate that he was hampered. Of course, one cannot always tell what a man wants to say by what he has said, but certainly Lanier's thoughts are not less beautiful than the expression of them. It all seems very spontaneous and at the same time fufills the idea that "perfect beauty demands perfect art-form." He had no patience with one who boasts that he is independent of all forms, but insisted rather that the great artist must be master of all forms. Yet never did he admit that the mastery of forms makes a great artist.

Lanier also attributed to his great artist certain attributes of character which the thoughtless have never stopped to in-

vestigate. As he says, "the true artist will never remain a bad man; he will always wonder at a wicked artist. The simplicity of this wonder renders it wholly impregnable. The argument of it is merely this: the artist loves beauty supremely; because the good is beautiful he will clamber continuously towards it, through all possible sloughs, over all possible obstacles, in spite of all possible falls." And of such a one he sang:

> *"The artist's market is the heart of men;*
> *The artist's price some little good of man."*

Sidney Lanier was not the artist only. He had within him the soul and the substance of poetry. In considering the latter we must remember that he wrote very little comparatively. All of his verse does not amount to so much as one of Tennyson's or Browning's or Longfellow's longer poems. His literary life did not extend over a half-dozen years, and during most of that time he was holding himself in check that he might first educate the people to his ways by his "Science of English Verse." And then, that awful, that tragic struggle for breath and bread. The wonder is that he did so much, and not so little; yet the story had not half been told.

Of what did he sing? He sang of God.

"As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest in the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies.
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God;
Oh! like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn."

He praised God because God is great, not out of gratitude, and in that greatness he built him a place to rest in. Hath

truer worship ever been told? And he sang of Christ—the "Crystal Christ," without "least defect or shadow of defect," a "perfect life in perfect labor writ." Yet he clung to Him who was always "My Master." The story of Gethsemane and Calvary hath never been more simply and touchingly told than in the two brief stanzas of "A Ballad of Trees and the Master." While he was not one who is commonly termed a religious poet, yet his adoration for, dependence upon and hope in God the Father and God the Son are everywhere traceable.

Of what did he sing? He sang of love.

"*When life 's all love, 'tis life; aught else, 'tis naught.*"

Petrarch's Laura never had sweeter sonnets sung to her than did this Mary. They were intense, passionate, thrilling, but far removed from the expression of that "base love which drives good women to base loving." While this great love for his wife seemed to be his whole life when we note only the expression of it, yet he and she were great enough to give it its proper place in the economy of life. It interfered not with his love for God.

"*Did e'er a lark with skyward pointing beak*
Stab by mischance a level-flying dove?
Wife-love flies level, his dear mate to seek;
God-love darts straight into the skies above,
Crossing, the windage of each other's wings
But speeds them both upon their journeyings."

Nor did he permit this love to interfere with his love for Art —his life-work. She did not ask it; she would not permit it. All women are not that way, nor are all men. This love between husband and wife very often becomes mere selfishness, and this selfishness becomes mere laziness. Mary Day Lanier helped her husband, and in return came sweetest songs, and none is sweeter than the "Evening Song":

"Look off, dear love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea—
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands,
Ah! longer, longer, we.

"Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra Night drinks all. 'Tis done;
Love, lay thy hand in mine.

"Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart,
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands,
O Night! divorce our sun and sky apart—
Never our lips, our hands."

Love was his sole remedy for all the evils of this world. He knew no other. He applied it to his own life and it brought contentment. When he was worried and could not understand why God permitted sin and sorrow, he turned to her and all was solved. The solution did not lie in forgetfulness, but in her love he found a Perfection that stopped "th' Imperfect's argument." If love could bring happiness to one afflicted as he was, then we cannot wonder that he made it the burden of his song. It was thus that he hoped to do his part in redeeming the world.

He also knew the dangers of this passion. In a word, *he knew man.* He seldom drew a picture of anything that was not good and true and beautiful, and when he did, there was nothing tempting about it, but it was very forceful. Read the little poem "The Betrayal," and forget it if you can.

"The sun has kissed the violet sea,
And burned the violet to a rose.
O Sea! wouldst thou not better be
Mere violet still? Who knows? Who knows?

Well hides the violet in the wood;
The dead leaf wrinkles her a hood,
And winter's ill is violet's good;
But the bold glory of the rose,
It quickly comes and quickly goes—
Red petals whirling in white snows,
Ah me!

"The sun has burnt the rose-red sea:
The rose is turned to ashes gray.
O Sea, O Sea, mightst thou but be
The violet thou hast been to-day!
The sun is brave, the sun is bright,
The sun is lord of love and light;
But after him it cometh night.
Dim anguish of the lonesome dark!—
Once a girl's body, stiff and stark,
Was laid in a tomb without a mark,
Ah me!"

You cannot read that poem *once*. It forces you to go back and read it again. You are awed by the meaning—charmed by the art.

Of what did he sing? He sang of the beauties of Nature, and he sang of them at all times. It was here that his imagination had its fullest play, and what an imagination it was! From Nature he drew nearly all his figures. He saw more than we see; some say that what he saw is not there, but we are all discovering new beauties in Nature every day, and it may be that some day we, too, will discover as much.

This man had a peculiar personal attachment for everything that grows. He personified, individualized, spiritualized every detail. The little green leaves whispered to him and caressed his cheek like a woman's hand. He put his arm

around the beloved live-oak and wept. He knew not why. He only asked,

"What logic of greeting lies
Betwixt dear over-beautiful trees, and the rain of the eyes?"

He prayed

"with mosses, ferns and flowers shy
That hide like gentle nuns from human eye
To lift adoring perfume to the sky."

He found beautiful glooms, braided dusks and woven shades that held him fast in their hearts as he held them in his. And the marsh and the sea,—how tenderly and completely he loved them. It was ever "the marsh, my marsh, and the sea, my sea." Nature was a foreground with him. There was nothing between him and her. She quickened his finest impulses with little suggestions rather than with her awe-inspiring manifestations. They seemed to be exchanging confidences. Yet at times he stepped out from underneath the live-oaks and stood on the sand-beach,

"By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea."

Then he was thrilled by the majesty of the sight. His heart swelled and he sang his greatest strains.

"Oh! what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes
of Glynn."

Until we have come as close to the heart of Nature as he did we would better not deny the existence of anything of which he tells us.

To show at one time his rhythm, tone-color, imagination —in a word, his rhythmical creation of beauty, read the great-

est lines from the greatest poem, "Sunrise." This extract comes in soon after the one given to show his alliteration. It is dark, the tide 's at full, the marsh is flooded with winding streams which reflect the morning stars, and he stands there with moist eyes beside a live-oak waiting for the dawn:

"Oh, what if a sound should be made!
Oh, what if a bound should be laid
To this bow and string tension of beauty and silence a-spring—
To the bend of beauty the bow, or the hold of silence the string!
I fear me, I fear me yon dome of diaphanous gleam
Will break as a bubble o'er-blown in a dream—
Yon dome of too-tenuous tissues of space and of night,
Over-weighted with stars, over-freighted with light,
Over-sated with beauty and silence, will seem
But a bubble that broke in a dream,
If a bound of degree to this grace be laid,
Or a sound or a motion made.

But no: it is made; list! somewhere—mystery, where?
In the leaves? In the air?
In my heart?—is a motion made;
'Tis a motion of dawn, like a flicker of shade on shade.
In the leaves 'tis palpable; low multitudinous stirring
Upwinds through the woods; the little ones, softly conferring,
Have settled my lord's to be looked for; so, they are still;
But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill,—
And look where the wild duck sails round the bend of the river,—
And look where a passionate shiver
Expectant is bending the blades
Of the marsh-grass in serial shimmers and shades,—
And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast fleeting,
Are beating
The dark overhead as my heart beats,—and steady and free
Is the ebb tide flowing from marsh to sea—
(Run home, little stream,
With your lapfuls of stars and dreams),—

And a sailor unseen is hoisting a-peak,
For list, down the inshore curve of the creek
How merrily flutters the sail,—
And lo, in the East! Will the East unveil?
The East is unveiled; the East hath confessed
A flush: 'tis dead; 'tis alive; 'tis dead, ere the West
Was aware of it; nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis unwithdrawn;
Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis Dawn!"

President Gates, of Amherst College, who, aside from Dr. Ward of *The Independent*, has done most to win for Lanier a high place in literature, says that it is a matter for congratulation that the reports of librarians at all our literary centers show that rapidly increasing numbers of our young people are consulting his works for inspiration and guidance. Many years ago Dr. Ward prophesied that he would find a larger and yet larger audience, and that his short half-dozen years of literary life, though much hindered, would fill a great space in our history of poetry and art. That prophecy is fast being fulfilled, and it is well that it is so. Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, who lived beside him, says that "to be with such a man, in whose presence one was unconsciously at one's best, with a craving to advance in all that was good and noble, was of itself an inspiration." One can well believe that after studying his life. There is so much individuality and personality in his poetry that the reader is affected the same way.

When a man lives unconsciously at his best he is as near Heaven as God permits in this world. If the poetry of Sidney Lanier can bring men to that state, then it is an instrument in God's hands. Perhaps he has not come to you in that way. Perhaps you have not been in a mood of reception when you have turned to him. His is not poetry to be taken up at chance times and places—one needs to be alone or with those between whom and him there is sweet communion. At such a time as he describes,

"At midnight, death's and truth's unlocking time,
When far within the spirit s hearing rolls
The great soft rumble of the course of things—
A bulk of silence in a mask of sound,—
When darkness clears our vision that by day
Is sun-blind, and the soul 's a ravening owl
For truth."

Then turn to him and he will bear you away far up toward the top of the mountain,

"And as you read, in thought you 'll rise
Aloft within his beauteous skies,
Soul-satisfying paradise.
There ever soaring,
In love exploring,
With mind and heart and soul adoring,
You forget the world."

Returning, you are not quite sure where you are; you look about the room, press the arm of the chair beneath your hand, and, going off to your couch, you dream

"Of the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn."

That is the true test of poetry—the elevation of the soul. When you are affected thus, cast the critics to the winds and be not dissuaded.

If what has been given here shall result in winning a friend for Sidney Lanier, then am I content. This has not been an impartial study—such a one must come from some other source. A man does not see the faults of the woman he loves best, and in this work I have been blinded in like manner. I have sought only to tell you why I like him, and to do that by showing some of the beauties of his life and work and the secret of them. As he himself tenderly and frankly wrote to her, "the poetry is good poetry, and the music is good music; and beauty dieth not, and the heart that needs it will find it."

My heart needs it and I have found it.

SHELLEY.

THE STUDY of poetry is a waste of time for most people—quite so much as the study of music would be—not because these arts are allied, but because many men and women are so constituted that the indefinite and intangible forms of life and expression mean nothing to them, because they cannot be measured and estimated. To such minds, science, with its exactitude, brings the satisfaction of desire and the elevation of soul that others gather from a study of the fine arts. However, the universals of human life touch every soul, and when art portrays one of them in such form that it becomes the expression of a craving heart or a hungry soul, then recognition comes to the prosiest mind, and the kinship of all humanity has been proved again.

In a period measured by minutes one cannot undertake to put into form a symmetrical estimate of the life and work of so great a man as Shelley. To pursue such a purpose would belittle every source of strength, and not a listener would take away aught that she brought not with her. The temptation to tell once again the story of his life, corrected by the light of later historical revelation, is very great—and very needful—for doubtless many there are to-day who have in their hearts those prejudices of youth which have kept from his memory that respect which is as necessary to the perfect love and appreciation of a poem as it is of a friend.

In all of Shelley's vast work there is not so much as an odor of an impure thought—not so much as a mere question-

able expression. His domestic relations constitute a tragedy that was everything but vile, and there is much genuine pleasure and relief in the knowledge that the poet's part in it was not unworthy, but lamentable beyond comprehension and expression; so we leave it with William Watson's incomparable quatrain:

"A star look'd down from heaven and loved a flower
Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an hour.
Let eyes that trace his orbit in the spheres
Refuse not, to a ruin'd rosebud, tears."

Of the substance of Shelley's poetry there is no quality more evident of genius than his ability to gather up and express those perceptions which to most minds, if they exist at all, are so indefinite and intangible as to be absolutely worthless. The one thing never to be forgetten in the estimate of a poet is the fact that he is a seer; that his Heaven and Earth are very different from ours; that he lives more in a day than do many of us in a lifetime; that these revelations are the distinguishing marks of his genius. For most of us deep sympathy and persistent study have brought certain outlines of perception which make the mind a longing receptacle for the wealth of beautiful detail with which the poet completes the picture. After he has done it, we do not see how it could have been otherwise; yet we had not seen it that way, or any other way, before his coming.

Another name for this power of perception is imagination. Shelley possessed it in a marvelous degree. He reveled in it and rose to heights that were the wonder of his own age and continue to attract students of literature with increasing power.

Imagination, such as Shelley possessed, is a divine gift. It comes to us as a wonderful impression of freedom. The wings of thought never tire and neither winds nor storms, neither land nor water, neither God nor man retard their flight.

They carry one to the high mountain where he may see all the world pass by and call it his, without falling down and worshiping Satan in return. This wonderful impression of freedom has not come to all men—but it came to Shelley. Most men are like the poor shepherd who, blinded and lost in the snow-storm, perished within a few feet of his cottage door. This freedom is free to all. Its only limitation is the ends of the world that one's mind is capable of comprehending. Nothing will give one so much happiness and joy and peace as a sense of freedom. Sometimes we doubt when we are told that all this lies within our own souls. We know that the pain that comes to one who is ill for no other reason than that he thinks he is ill is not the less severe on that account. So why doubt that the joy that comes to one who is happy for no other reason than that he thinks he is happy is genuine?

Nowadays, we are afraid to let the mind soar. We laugh at the poets and call them dreamers. Poets are not only free, but they make others free. The ancient British bards had for the title of their order, "Those who are free throughout the world." How are they free? Through symbolism, the same as a child is. To them the length and the breadth and the sweep of a salt-sea marsh means the greatness of God and the green pastures and still waters mean His loving-kindness.

The actual life of every painter and every poet, in the materials which it furnishes, must largely determine the direction and characteristics of his imaginative power. From the writings of Dante, of Milton, of Scott, and of Bunyan, as well as from the pictures of Raphael and Murillo, of Gainsborough and Wilkie, one can easily conclude as to the place of their birth, the kind of education which they received from the books, and men, and scenery with which they were conversant—and so is it with Shelley.

It would be impossible for those of us who have lived

on these broad prairies a score or more of years so to express ourselves in imaginative language as to conceal the fact that the plain to a certain degree means to us what the sea means to the coast-dwellers. And perhaps the very barrenness of our metaphors might disclose our abode. This idea brings home to us the fact that our work of creation is very hard because Nature furnishes so little material. We must create the material as well as the finished product.

All this Shelley understood by intuition, if he did not by the rule of books. He absorbed the teachings of the ages because he was fitted for it.

It is a great thing for the English literature to have had one inspired poet in it—one reaching higher than all others of modern times into the realms of dreaming.

Is it too much to say this? Not if you have come to know the riches of the poet's heart, and those riches are so open to the seeker that he who runs may find.

> "*Methought that of these visionary flowers*
> *I made a nosegay.*"

So does Shelley put it, the simple statement of the imagination's function—only he puts it in perfect form.

> "*The passion-winged ministers of thought*
> *Who were his flocks who near the living streams*
> *Of his young spirit he fed.*"

The fact that certain poems may be sung adds nothing to their literary value, but it goes a long way toward the winning of human sympathy, which is the beginning and the end of all art. The greater the thought the more beautiful should be the expression of it, and music is the most attractive of the handmaidens of adornment. Shelley felt and expressed the subtle power of song. There is much reference to it in his work, and many a time he puts into words a feeling that we all have experienced and very often one that we have thought indefinable. After all, is not one of Shelley's greatest powers, or

holds upon us, his continual revelation that most of the tenderness and sweetness and beauty of life can be said, as well as thought and understood? It seems especially fitting and fortunate to be able to clothe some of it with song, for thus the vibrations—the same vibrations—will keep time to the beating of our hearts.

"*Music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory.*"

Fragments of Shelley's verse are worth many a reading, and as you absorb their joy they will make for each the "softest grave of a thousand fears" or of as many as may be thine. Set to music, his poems show the marvelously beautiful strength or the strength of beauty that is the product of a respectable union of the arts of poetry and music.

The use of doggerel by most writers of current songs is inexplicable when one considers the wealth of genuine and appropriate verse that is for the hand of any composer. A song should elevate by thought as well as by feeling, and the human voice should give to music, by controlling the thought, an attainment impossible to any instrument, for

"*God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame.*"

God never revealed himself to Shelley, as he did to Tennyson; but when Nature revealed herself to Shelley, nothing escaped him. He not only looked down, but he looked up. He not only saw the young winds feeding the flowers with silver dew, but he saw the cloud—that cloud which brings

"*Fresh showers from the thirsting flowers,*
From the seas and the streams,
And bears light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From whose wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun."

And he saw the moon—

"That orbed maiden with white fire laden,"

and the "wild west wind," the "breath of Autumn's being." He caught something from all these—a glance, a shadow, an odor, and framed them into a beauty that can be described only as ethereal. It cannot be analyzed and no person so desires. It is not the poetry of pure description, such as is much of Wordsworth's.

"Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

"Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

"Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?"

This little serenade of Shelley's is an illustration of the supreme intensity that can be put into verse. Poe says that it is too short, and it is. It takes you up and leaves you before you are ready to come down. Stedman says that it is the deepest and sweetest love poem that ever was written. The richness of its melody affects you like sweet music and there is a sensuousness in the thought that almost brings a breath of Oriental odors.

"I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;

I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet.

"The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
And the Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart;—
As I must on thine,
O beloved as thou art.

"Oh lift me from the grass;
I die; I faint; I fail;
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale,
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;—
Oh press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last."

Shelley was a philosopher and a dreamer. He not only constructed ideals, but he drew conclusions. He started out in life by constructing ideals on the conclusions he had drawn, and later he drew conclusions from ideals he had constructed, and "Love's Philosophy" is one of them. The ideal part of the song is beautiful, beautiful beyond comparison, and the conclusion is irresistible. Occasionally some person protests against so much of our lyric verse being love songs and against the ordinary cheap sentimentalism that pervades the common run of poetry and song. The protest is good, but it is not good against Shelley. It is not hard to understand why there are so many love songs. Lyric verse is subjective. A man takes it out of his own heart and, there generally being more love in his heart than anything else, he takes of that

and makes a poem,—which is a very sensible thing to do. As Bunner says:

"There 's but one thing to sing about,
And poor 's the song that does without,
And many a song would not live long
Were it not for the theme that is never worked out."

Of course, the man or woman who does not love much does not care much for love songs, and is to be pitied, for all true happiness is based upon this one feeling, which is now and always has been "the greatest thing in the world." But that is my philosophy and this is Shelley's:

"The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion.
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle,—
Why not I with thine?

"See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother,
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?"

Shelley was a spirit—he was not of the earth, nor yet of heaven. He was a seer—he could see and understand. He communed with the great things of the universe. He never heard the beating of the heart of a tree as Lanier did, but the music of the strong winds as they played upon the tree's boughs and branches entranced him. He controlled the elements for the purposes of his art, and made them do his will, but his will was not less wild than they.

KEATS.

HIS study is of the man who said:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

In the life of the author of such words one would expect to find much to contemplate with pleasurable emotions, but there is no beauty in the life of John Keats. Nor is there much else,—except sorrow and suffering. To be sure, there may be beauty in that, but it is not of the kind that is a joy forever,—not of the kind that Keats created. While there is little if anything in his history to give one a better understanding of his poetry, yet one needs the proof of it, for it is Keats' lyric poetry that we like, and lyric poetry being subjective, we desire to know the poet; and then, acquaintance begets interest, and after knowing the man you will desire to know something of the poetry he wrote.

John Keats was born in London a hundred years ago, at the close of that "flowering time of English literary energy," a quarter of a century which had given to the world Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Hazlitt, Moore, Hunt, De Quincey, Byron, Shelley, Landor, and Carlyle. What a twenty-five years that was from 1770 to 1795! Have you ever thought of it? Suppose for a minute that the events of that period had never occurred and then imagine a literature and a history without them. The world of letters would be impoverished beyond comprehension as history would seem

very tame were it to be stripped of the American and French revolutions.

Keats was the oldest of four children—three brothers, John, George and Thomas, and a sister, Fanny, who has been dead but a short time. His father was a groom in a livery stable and married the daughter of his master. Keats' most noted biographer says that he was "born in the upper ranks of the middle class," which puts Lowell in mind of the story of the violin-player who, wishing to compliment his pupil, George III., divided all fiddlers into three classes—those who could not play at all, those who played very badly, and those who played very well, assuring his Majesty that he had made such commendable progress as already to have reached the second rank. Keats' origin certainly was very humble and very noticeable among people who are proud of their genealogies. That sort of feeling seems very ludicrous to us, yet we are getting old enough so that the man who had ancestors in the Revolution travels considerably on the fact. It is all perfectly natural.

However, a humble origin is not to be scorned. Nor is a noble one. A man of good blood is born with a good degree of self-respect, and self-respect is the most potent moral agent outside of Heaven. There is no evidence that Keats ever acted or wrote differently than he would have done had he been of noble blood. For some reason he held aloof from Shelley, but I doubt that his birth had anything to do with it, though some think differently. It was more likely a lack of congeniality, all of which was very unfortunate for both. Keats would have profited more than Shelley from a close friendship. Could the two have come together after they had reached Italy, each would have been an inspiration to the other, and "Adonais" would have been the greatest poem in the language.

His parents placed him in a private boarding-school at Enfield, a suburb of London, at a very early age, perhaps eight years, and there he remained until he was fourteen or fifteen, when he was taken out through the false economy of ignorant guardians.

Clarke says that in his earlier school-days Keats showed no particular signs of an intellectual bent, though always orderly and methodical in what he did. But during his last few terms—that is, in his fourteenth and fifteenth years, all the energies of his nature turned to study. He became completely absorbed in reading, could hardly be induced to join the school games, and never willingly had a book out of his hand. At this time he won easily all the literature prizes and even translated the whole of the Æneid into prose. He is said almost to have learned by heart Spence's "Polymetis," Tooke's "Pantheon" and Lempriere's "Dictionary." Gods, nymphs and heroes became his companions. Their wars were his wars, their loves his.

Herein was the very beginning of the poet. The seed now being sown might have ripened into the greatest English epic poet had there been years enough for the harvest. What a pity that he could not have had Greek! He was just ripe to begin study of it when he was taken out of school. The work he did was remarkable for a boy under fifteen years of age, and it seems a crime to have stopped it. He felt it very keenly in later years. While he kept on growing, yet in comparison with Shelley, it amounted to naught. To be sure, Shelley had a better start, yet his days at Oxford were very few. However, he did for himself all that Oxford could have done and more. But Keats did not have the forceful character that Shelley had and the result was, he did not know enough, as Lanier said of Poe.

Sometimes I think we do not realize how much a poet ought to know. Many of us find out how much a lack of

learning cripples us in making an estimate of men and literature and are brought to a realization of the necessity of great learning in the men who make literature. The saying about poets being born and not made is true to a certain degree, but it is well to remember that that part of a poet which is born is decidedly raw material, and it requires much skilled labor to make it worth anything. This idea about poets being learned is not new. Five hundred and fifty years ago, when King Robert of Naples offered the first laurel to Petrarch, the poet would not accept it until he had passed through a three-days examination, replying to all questions of all comers on all historical, literary and philosophical themes. He endured the test and became the first Poet Laureate. Keats could not have done that. Shelley could.

After being taken out of school in his fifteenth year, Keats was apprenticed to a surgeon by his guardians. There is no evidence that it was against his will, and it is quite likely that he thought he might as well be a surgeon as anything else. The apprenticeship was to continue the customary five years, but some trouble arose between the apprentice and his master, and after four years the contract was broken. During these four years but one thing of importance occurred, and when one stands at the end of his life and looks back it seems of very great importance. Charles Cowden Clarke brought him a copy of Spenser, and a poet was born. A new world was opened up to him. He entered and never came out of it. The feeling that came to Keats then has come to each of us. Every person who reads has some time found something that has so pleased and thrilled him that this world never seemed quite the same thereafter. It may not have been found in a Spenser or a Shelley or a Shakespeare. It is well if it hath been found in King David. The beauty of this first finding lies in the fact that one ever after looks for others. Keats found a Homer that affected him more profoundly than Spenser.

After quitting the apprenticeship, he entered the Hospital of London and there remained for three years, or until he was twenty-two years old. While he is said to have been more than ordinarily proficient in his profession, he lacked poise, and without this surely a man ought not to be a surgeon. He felt guilty at times. He knew his mind was often wandering when it ought to have been on the work in hand. One time he said: "The other day, during the lecture, there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland." After he had given it up, he remarked: "My last operation was the opening of a man's temporal artery. I did it with the utmost nicety, but reflecting on what passed through my mind at the time, my dexterity seemed a miracle, and I never took up the lancet again." We know what was in his mind. It was a battle between surgery and poetry, and poetry won,—as it always does.

At the close of this period and just about the time the lancet was laid away forever, Keats published his first volume of poems. The book is known in literary life as "The Poems of 1817." It made very little if any impression on the public. At this time Moore, Scott and Byron were engaging the attention of the literary world, and these verses attracted little attention. He was not discouraged, however, but repaired to the Isle of Wight to write "Endymion."

Most of the next year, his twenty-third, was spent with Brown in a pedestrian tour through Scotland. From his letters it is known to have been a miserable trip, attended with much sickness and suffering, caused by the inclement weather. In view of the fact that Keats died with consumption within the next three years, and inasmuch as the cause of the disease has been much discussed and sung about, it is well to remember this unfortunate journey at this time. He returned from it only in time to comfort his brother Tom, whose life went out with

the year, a victim of the dread disease which had taken the mother and was soon to take John. This event served only to increase the morbidness of temperament which was the poet's most persistent enemy. Just previous to this the base attacks on "Endymion" appeared in *Blackwood's* and the *Quarterly*. Keats was exceedingly sensitive, and the brutality of these reviewers galled him seriously. The ridicule hurt him most. He knew how difficult it is to overcome. He sought fame—sought it honestly. As another has said, "Reputation is in itself only a farthing-candle, of wavering and uncertain flame, and easily blown out, but it is the light by which the world looks for and finds merit." Keats knew this and was discouraged.

There has been much written about the immediate effect these reviews had upon the poet. Shelley seriously and Byron facetiously saw fit to attribute the cause of his death to them. Inasmuch as both these men must have learned about the whole affair from others, it is quite likely that such an idea was prevalent at the time. However, none of his late biographers give any credence to the story. It has been charged that the many sorrows heaped upon him at this time plunged him into a whirl of dissipation, yet it has been strenuously denied, and one is inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt. Evidently the events of these few months hastened his death, but hardly as much so as the tramp through Scotland. If consumption be inheritable, then there was no reason why he should not be its victim.

The next year he worked very hard, turning out his greatest poems. It was during this period that Fanny Brawne came into his life and brought with her a still greater spirit of unrest—the very opposite of what he needed and was looking for. His ideas of and relations with women were very strange and peculiar. He realized that he did not have a right feeling towards them and it worried him. Up to this time his

brother George's wife was the only woman with whom he was on intimate terms, and for her he had a profound regard. Then she was living in Louisville, Kentucky, and he took great delight in writing her long gossipy letters.

How he came to love Fanny Brawne one cannot understand. That he did love her no person can doubt after a perusal of his letters. They are not good letters to read, but one would better read them than to imagine them worse than they are because another has said that they ought not to be read. There is nothing wrong in them,—they are simply disappointing. Greatness is expected and it is not there. The loves of great men may not be different from those of the ordinary individual, but John Keats was gifted with the power of expressing what he felt, and the true expression of true love is an interesting revelation. In these letters Keats reveals a man who is not the least charming. I do not know that he could have been otherwise. Soon after their intimacy had begun he discovered that he was doomed to die, and consequently there was utter hopelessness in his heart. Add to this unreasonable jealousy, and is it any wonder that the letters are disappointing? Although he loved this woman to the end, yet there is little of his poetry that shows the influence of it. His last sonnet probably would not have been written but for this experience, but aside from that there is nothing for which we are indebted to Fanny Brawne—a name which will ever shine in a reflected light.

The great crisis came in Keats' life a year before his death when he learned of a certainty that disease held him in its fatal grasp.

A few months later his third and last volume of poems, called the "Lamia Volume," was issued. This contained "Lamia," "Hyperion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Isabella," the "Odes"—in truth, nearly all his best work. About the time that came out he was attacked with a severe hemorrhage,

and it was decided that he must go to Italy. Brown, of all the friends the closest, was away in the Scotch Highlands, and Keats' letters requesting him to return and accompany him to Rome were never delivered. So it was decided that Joseph Severn, the artist, should go. Of all Keats' friends none has taken quite the hold of me that Severn has. While he is known and desired to be known only as the friend of Keats, yet there was much else in his life.

The story of the daily life of Keats and Severn at Rome during that last five months will always cling to me. There was everything in it,—horror, suffering, sacrifice, persecution, penury and death. Keats was being torn asunder by inherited disease, hopeless love and wasting genius. Severn was sacrificing his art and doing menial service for a friend. Keats had done much for him. Above all, he had shown him more in the marbles than Severn had ever dreamed of, artist though he was. The end came in February, 1821, when Keats was twenty-five years old.

There at Rome, in the Protestant burial-ground, Keats was laid among the flowers which he had "almost felt growing over him"; "and there they do grow," it is said, "even all the winter long—violets and daisies mingling with the fresh herbage, and, in the words of Shelley, "making one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." By his side sleeps Joseph Severn. Not far away lies Shelley, and by his side the beloved Trelawney. The same cloud weeps over them; the same "wild west wind" sighs about their graves, "sweet though in sadness." All night long the lonely nightingale chants its sad requiem, and on the morning air is heard the mournful melody of the skylark. The thought of these men buried thus is sweet and consoling.

Not long did

"The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacon from the abode where the Eternal are."

A little over a year and they were closer in death than they had ever been in life. All the fame that they honestly longed for has come to them, and the name of John Keats was not "writ in water."

In estimating a poet, the student should seek to know what the poet's ideas were concerning God, Man and Nature, and before speaking of Keats' work in detail, it is well to see how he stood in regard to these poetical objects. He seems to have given no thought to religion and to have had no definite or stable ideas about it. After his brother Tom died he said that he believed in the immortality of the soul, and not long afterward wrote that he longed to believe in it. There is little or nothing in his poetry either for or against God, and it is quite likely that he gave Him no serious thought. Toward the end, Severn tells us that he asked for a copy of Jeremy Taylor, and seemed to get much consolation from reading it. If he ever became a Christian, it was near, very near, the end. The old Grecian mythology was real to him. He was looking for beauty. If he had been accorded the privilege that is now given to you and me, of creating his own God in great degree, is it not probable that Jehovah might have been as much to him as Hyperion and Pan?

In regard to Man he had no philosophy. Some days he thought he had, but he straightway forgot it. "I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good in the world," he wrote to a friend. That idea he never pursued. Perhaps and quite likely because so much ill-fortune was ever after pursuing him. Later in a petulant mood he wrote to his sister-in-law:

"I dislike mankind in general. . . . The worst men are those whose self-interests are their passions; the next, those whose passions are their self-interest. Upon the whole, I dislike mankind. Whatever people on the other side of the question may advance, they cannot deny that we are always sur-

prised at hearing of a good action, and never of a bad one."

Again he said that the only thing that could ever affect him personally for more than one short passing day was any doubt about his powers for poetry. That is pure selfishness. I believe, though, that had Keats been given the period of life allotted to man, he would have developed a philosophy for the betterment of mankind and sung about it in great inspiration.

For Nature he had a deep and unaffected love. To him she was not the background and stage of the mighty drama of human life. There was nothing between him and her. He worshiped at her shrine, and the love he had for her was the love a man has for a god. While his insight pierced into the depths, yet it was the beauty of the whole that thrilled and inspired him. He never heard the beating of the heart of a tree nor did the little green leaves talk to him as they did to Lanier. He worshiped her for the same reason that he worshiped a statue of Psyche or the Elgin Marbles,—she represented just so much ideal abstract beauty.

How much Keats knew about æsthetics it is difficult to tell. From the fact that he had studied Spence's "Polymetis" so devotedly, it is quite probable that he had imbibed some ideas about the philosophy of the beautiful. In his correspondence, which constitutes his entire prose writings, he often alludes to this abstract idea of beauty, but gives no hint as to what he meant; hence all we can know or surmise must be gathered from his poetry. His ideas were certainly very different from Ruskin's. Every element of beauty is typical to Ruskin. Infinity in the type of the divine incomprehensibility; Unity is the type of divine comprehensiveness; Repose is the type of divine permanence; Symmetry, the type of divine justice. Keats knew nothing about any such theories. If he did, he did not believe them. He could look at a beautiful landscape and never think of the God who made it. He might think of Pan.

In the introduction I quoted two of his sayings about beauty—in fact, the only two propositions he has laid down, and it is well to endeavor to discover his meaning. What was his idea when he said,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"?

I have a picture of Joseph Severn which gives me pleasurable emotions every time I look upon it, and I look upon it very often. It seems as though I cannot see it enough. There is in my city a woman whose face is a source of never-failing delight to me. There are no associations in connection with it or emotions expressed upon it to give me this feeling. That face is a thing of beauty and to me a joy forever. Neither in the appearance of Joseph Severn nor in the face of this woman is there any resultant beauty. I should have admired that picture just as much had I never known it was the portrait of the "friend of Keats." That face would have been the same had I never known the name of the woman. This feeling of mine I believe is what Keats meant. It is said that he would stand for hours on a rise of ground lost in admiration of the billowy fields of grain. We can imagine the completeness of his joy at such a time. You and I know of lives of suffering and sacrifice in godlike meekness that seem to be the most beautiful things in the world, but Keats was not thinking of them. He found no joy or satisfaction in the contemplation of them.

It is more difficult to surmise what he meant in saying,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

I believe that his idea was that every true thing must necessarily have certain attributes such as harmony, symmetry, unity, variety and adaptability; that these are the attributes of beauty,

and hence truth is beauty, and that is all we know about either and all that it is necessary to know. You look upon a rough pile of stones as Nature has placed them. You say they are beautiful. You hardly know why. There is certain symmetry and variety and adaptability to the surroundings that charm you. You would not change them if you could. Now suppose these same stones in the same condiion to be put into a cathedral. They appear ugly. They are not adapted to that use. They may have variety, but they have not harmony. In a word, they are not true and consequently not beautiful. Keats may have intended to convey much more than this or something quite different, but I doubt it. As a final word and in proof of his distaste for æsthetics in particular and philosophy in general, I quote from "Lamia":

> *"Do not all charms fly*
> *At the mere touch of cold philosophy?*
> *There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:*
> *We know her woof, her texture—she is given*
> *In the dull catalogue of common things.*
> *Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,*
> *Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,*
> *Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine,*
> *Unweave a rainbow."*

Thus far I have discussed only the beauty that Keats saw and felt—that is absolute beauty or abstract beauty, as he called it. Now a few words about the beauty he created—that is, relative beauty. Relative beauty is generally supposed to be the imitation of what is originally beautiful, hence the term "relative." In poetry it includes the beauty of metaphors, symbols, allegories, and the like. Yet, though it be a paradox, there may be relative beauty where there is no absolute beauty. In "Paradise Lost" the story is full of terrors, the telling of it is full of beauties. Keats combined the two generally, and in that lies the distinguishing characteristics of his poetry. His

epics are beautifully told stories about beautiful things. His lyrics are beautifully expressed feeling about beautiful objects. His work is the very embodiment of what Poe meant by saying, "Poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty." He carried this idea to the very end. Every attribute of form was important to him. The melody was not of less importance than the rhythm, and he sought it and found it in the skillful arrangement of open and close vowels, combining and interchanging them as a composer does the notes of his music.

Keats had great creative powers, else he would not have been a great poet, and worthy of our study. It is not a difficult matter to recognize creation in poetry, and it is not an easy matter to analyze it. We read a line and say, "That is poetry." Some person asks, "How do you know it is?" and we hesitate. Poetry is not an exact science. It differs as men differ. It is a product of the imagination and the product is as variable as the source of it. Now every man is imaginative, but not every man is a poet. If a man imagine beautiful things, he must have within him some of the indefinable spirit of poetry, yet he is not a Keats, and why? First, he does not imagine such beautiful things as Keats did. Second, his images are vague, transitory and elusive. Keats' were definite and abiding. Third, he cannot describe what he has seen, thought and felt, and Keats could. For illustration, suppose you close your eyes. You will see, perhaps, a strangely beautiful woman who will change into grotesque forms. Open your eyes and you cannot tell what you have seen. When Keats closed his eyes he saw a woman more beautiful than yours; she abode with him; he saw her after he had opened his eyes; he described her in beautiful words and told us what they said to each other and how they felt about it. Now the woman that Keats saw was very likely to be some other person's creation, and this is where he showed his lack of invention. This is particularly true in his epic poetry and, of

course, it has a right to be true there. Epics are not supposed to require much invention except in the realm of fable and allegory. Keats turned to the classic myths for his plots and then gave them the dialogue and stage-setting. It required creative genius to do that as he did, but no great inventive powers. Whatever of inventive genius he had is displayed in the lyrics, particularly the odes. Lyric poetry is subjective as distinguished from epic. In the former the poet's eyes look at his own heart, and the poem becomes a part of the singer. In the epic he looks back at what has happened, and the poet becomes a part of the poem. For that reason, if for no other, we care more for the personality of the lyric writer. He tells us what is in his heart, and we are anxious to know how it came to be there.

If a man looks into his own heart and tells us of new thoughts suggested by a nightingale or a Grecian urn, we recognize inventive genius. In the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" the poet is supposed to be contemplating this work of art; he is enraptured; to him it is a thing of beauty that is a joy forever; on it is represented a procession of men and maidens with pipes and timbrels; he imagines he hears the music; he looks within himself and says:

> "*Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard*
> *Are sweeter;*"

there is inspiration in that, and creation and invention and beauty and truth and peace. Again, toward the close of that same great lyric, he says:

> "*Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought*
> *As doth eternity.*"

An expression like that is of the very essence of poetry.

Keats invaded the realm of all kinds of poetry,—epic,

lyric and dramatic. His dramatic work has received no credit and he asked none for it. "Endymion," his first epic, is over four thousand lines long. Keats was humble and modest in putting the poem forth, and should have been treated charitably. He was a mere boy, and for a boy it was a great poem, but he was led astray by rhyme, just as every novice is. He let it control his thought and make him say things he had no idea of saying until he came to look for the rhyme-word. In "Hyperion" he dropped the rhyme and thus forestalled any unfriendly analysis in that direction. It has been claimed that he could not have kept up the lofty strain, and that had he undertaken to finish it, he would have ruined it. It is a part of a great epic. The subject is classical, the treatment of it is romantic. Keats was a great bundle of Classicism and Romanticism, and he put both into this poem. He was continually taking the reposeful, dignified, colorless and cold characters and settings of the classics and clothing them with his own rich, warm, passionate words. He put life into the statuesque.

In "Lamia" he returns to the rhymed couplets and uses them in a manner that would have satisfied Pope. When Lamia is a woman she is charming, but the poem as a whole leaves a horrible picture on the mind from which one cannot get away. And what pictures Keats did draw! In the touching story of "Isabella," he puts before your mind something that will stay there forever. You remember the charming picture of the love of Isabella and Lorenzo, given in the first stanza:

"With every morn their love grew tenderer,
With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
But her full shape would all his seeing fill;

And his continual voice was pleasanter
To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same."

But it is in "The Eve of St. Agnes" that his beauty seems so inevitable, and wherein he appeals to every sense of perception,—to sight, to sound, to taste, to touch, and we even get a breath from the luscious fruit,

"*Filling the chilly room with perfume light.*"

It was Milton who said, in an early essay, that poetry should be "simple, sensuous and passionate," and none has excelled Keats in sensuousness. In the first place, he was an extremely sensitive mortal, but, above all, he perceived—he was a seer. This power of perception is all that makes one man greater than another. In his short life of twenty-five years Keats lived longer than some men whose days number three score and ten, because he was endowed with the wonderful power of sense-perception. Nature is slow to uncover herself to man. She is wooed much, but her full beauty is only for those who have become fit by genius and by culture.

The sonnets and odes comprise the greater and better part of his lyrics. He had an inclination to play with the sonnet, and consequently his work in that form is very uneven. However, he wrote some which have become literary landmarks, as it were. It is strange that almost his first one should be his greatest, but it is not only his greatest, but one of the greatest in the language. It was the only very worthy thing in the "Poems of 1817," as his first volume was called. I never get a good view from prairie knoll or mountain top without repeating at least the sestet. It is a perfect sonnet,—a picture and a reflection, a song and an echo. It seems that Keats procured a copy of Chapman's translation of Homer. He

sat up all night reading it, and this sonnet, "Much have I traveled in the Realms of Gold," was the result.

Of the odes I can speak only of one, "To the Nightingale." Of this Mr. Stedman says that, rich and various as are the masterpieces of the language, of our shorter English lyrics it still seems to him, as it seemed twenty years ago, the nearest to perfection, the one he would surrender last of all. While I would not dare to disagree with Mr. Stedman by saying there are other poems nearer to perfection, yet I have no hesitancy in saying that I would surrender it sooner than Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." However, I appreciate its greatness in form and language and melody and tone. It is ideal lyric poetry. It is pure imagination, creative and inventive. It is true art, beautiful and perfect. With it all, there is a yearning that must have come from the very depths of the poet's heart. It is the expression of one of those half-dreams that come to all of us amid the disappointments and discouragements of life. The words seem like the form of our own thought, and, like the woman of Samaria, we feel that here is a man who has told us of our own life. Is there one who has not felt and thought like this:

"For many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme
To take into the air my quiet breath."

Keats had no revolutionary ideas about poetry. In his verse and in his letters he has left some definitions which are interesting when applied to his own work. In that early poem, "Sleep and Poetry," which appeared in his first volume and which was probably written when he was about twenty-one years old, he says:

"The great end
Of poesy, that it should be a friend
To soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of man;"

and again in the same poem,

"They shall be accounted poet-kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things."

When asked of Keats, the Poet, say that he was a worshiper of abstract beauty and a creator of relative beauty; say that he was a lover of classicism and a creator of romanticism; that he was an ornamentor rather than an inventor; that he was completely absorbed in his art and ever forgetful of self except when he sang of self; that he was for art for art's sake, and not for the artist's sake; yet it is very doubtful whether he would have submitted to a law which it was painful to obey for the sake of bestowing pleasure and delight upon mankind, which Ruskin says constitutes the true artist; he worshiped his art because it gave him pleasure, and in that sense he was "for the artist's sake," yet he sought to make art great rather than himself; say that he was a master of true melody, indefinable though it be; that he was intensely emotional and never sentimental; that his poetry elevates the soul and enriches the mind, though it may not bring peace to the heart.

Finally, if with some brother he hath found less favor or more, do not quarrel with him. Ranking of poets is an idle pastime. It is like the ranking of women. It always hath been and ever will be a mystery why some men love certain women. Day by day we wonder why some men love certain poets. Let us rather be thankful that they have such a love in their hearts. No poet hath ever been bad enough to harm a man. The peace that some good soul may get from one of Watts' hymns is not to be sneered at. The artless doggerel that doth so often make death more hideous to one may bring sweet consolation to the heart of another. And so I would

not say that Shelley is greater than Keats, although he seemeth so to me. I know that both are "unextinguished splendors of the firmament of time," and

> "*Like stars to their appointed height they climb,*
> *And death is a low mist which cannot blot*
> *The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought*
> *Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,*
> *And love and life contend in it for what*
> *Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,*
> *And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.*"

IN WATER

By Julia Boynton Green

Keats, dying, cried in bitterness of soul,
"Above my grave write this, 'Here lieth one
Whose name was writ in water.'" It was done.
But did he choose so frail, so mean a scroll
To guard his fame? The swift years take their toll
From every storied obelisk under sun;
Over the carven word the mosses run;
The column leans, earth swallows up the whole.

But in the sweet spring wood the limpid stream
Murmurs the poet's name; the irised gleam
Of bright cascades emblazons it. The rain
Sings that he wooed oblivion in vain,
And round earth's marge the enduring sea repeats
Obediently the splendid legend "Keats."

BURNS.

OBERT BURNS was a poet of the people, who struck the sincerest note in lyric verse and who found that universal chord in literature to which all hearts are attuned. To every man, however adverse he may be to poetry, Shakespeare is a king and Burns is a comrade. He worships the one and loves the other —and probably reads neither. If you should ask him which of Burns' songs he likes best, he would be liable to say "Comin' thro' the Rye" and "Annie Laurie"—neither of which Burns wrote.

Yet his face brightens when you speak of Burns, and why?

There is quite as much cloudiness as sunshine in Burns' songs, but it is the sunshine, with its shadows to bring out its brightness, that lingers with us and hovers about us. No person thinks of him as a sad poet. To be sure, we mingle our tears with his when he sings "To Mary in Heaven," but much of his sadness is for absent loves, and we are not more prone to take that seriously than we are to sympathize with the young man who goes about sorrowfully because his best girl is out of town. Absent loves have a way of returning, and then there is smiling and sighing, for of such is the kingdom of love.

But what brightens the face of this man who does not know Burns but by reputation? Why do you smile when you meet a child—a strange child? You know from your own experience what the little one is like—how close to Nature he is—how human is his heart. The child is as you have been and yet long to be. The man's face brightens because he

knows what must have been the songs of one who went through life—the same life as his—singing a song and dropping a tear wherever one or the other was most needed.

But why do you, who have studied Burns, like him? You have trembled before the wild fury of Shakespeare's "Lear," wept with Shelley for the dead Adonais, worshiped with Keats at Beauty's shrine. What is there about the poetry of this simple ploughman's son that quickens the life within you?

His is not the poetry of revelation. There is little invention in it. His "Mary in Heaven" was a "lingering star, with less'ning ray," but Wordsworth's "Lucy" was

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

Of the wind Burns sang:

"Of a' the airts the wind can blow
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best."

But Shelley besought this same wild west wind to make him its

"lyre, even as the forest is,"

to drive his

"dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth."

The distance from Burns to Shelley is far, very far,—it is the distance from one mountain-top to another. Perhaps one of these peaks may seem higher than the other. That all depends upon the position of the observer. One very naturally thinks that the mountain he is climbing is the higher, but, nev-

ertheless, he enjoys the rest and peace that come from looking across to the beauties of that other one, though it may not seem nearly so lofty.

Then, again, one tires of forever looking up. He tires of seeking discoveries, even though they may be new beauties. He tires of soaring. There are times when he needs most to have his feet planted squarely upon the earth. He needs poetry there as much or more than he does upon the mountain. In truth, much of earth is so sordid that it needs to be idealized before it can be endured. That is what Burns does for you and that is the reason for your liking him. Shelley shows you a new earth which is a heaven, but Burns makes a heaven out of your own earth. One brings you a feeling of aspiration, the other a feeling of contentment. The world needs the one for its growth—the other for its happiness.

Burns' poetry being so purely lyric, it is natural that we desire to know something of the man and his relations to his fellow-men, but, unfortunately, as is so often the case, there is not much in his verse. He was a bundle of wild passions, which he sought not to control. There was a joyousness, a playfulness, and absence of malice and evil intent about his wickedness that makes it seem only half-bad, but the penalty was not the less—on earth, whatever it may have been in the after-life. For the joy of his youth, he suffered much. His death came at the age of thirty-seven, a few months after John Keats was born.

There are some things, though, about his life that you must know properly to appreciate his songs. He was the oldest of seven children of a tenant-farmer, who was moving from place to place as one misfortune after another overtook him. To this father and a teacher named Murdock the poet owes everything that helped to develop the genius within him. Murdock says that William Burns, the father, was the best man he ever knew. He taught his own children daily and made

them study Shakespeare, Pope's "Homer," Locke's "Understanding," Jeremy Taylor and other standard works. The poet says there was a volume of old Scotch songs among these books which was his *vade mecum.* He says: "I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, such as it is." And he could not have learned it in a better way.

But these old Scotch songs did not set his Muse to work. It took a love-affair to do that, as is generally the case. His began early, the first "experience" coming in the fifteenth year. This first song was called "Handsome Nell" and is not worth much consideration except as it shows the first fruit of his peculiar genius.

His first genuine love-affair, after he had acquired more years, if not more sense, was with a young woman named Ellison Bigbie. She did not give him much encouragement and he always regretted it. In his later years he spoke of her as the one of all those early loves most likely to have made a pleasant partner for life. He wrote her many songs under many names, one of which will live forever, "Mary Morrison." This song was the first genuine revelation of his genius.

After the poet's father died, he and a brother rented a farm together, and it was during that period that some of his best songs and poems were written. Much of Robert's work was ploughing, and if there is any work on earth which absolutely requires no thought for itself, but gives a man ample time to think of all the sins of the past and hopes of the future, that work is ploughing. The poet made good use of his time and of his experience. It was then that his plough turned down the mountain daisy:

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem."

And it was during this same ploughing that he turned up the mouse, and wrote a poem to her as full of sympathy as though he were writing it to his best love, consoling the

"Wee sleekit, cou'rin', tim'rous beastie"

with the thought that

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy.
Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear."

Most of Burns' poetry was written during those days when the poet was a tenant-farmer. It is what is commonly termed realistic poetry, but it is an open question in these Kipling days as to what extent verse may be realistic and still be poetry. In truth, there is a question in many minds as to whether or not there can be such a thing as realism in poetry; or, rather, whether or not there can be poetry in such a thing as realism. In the abstract the matter resolves itself to a certain extent into a question of definition, but not so much as one might think at first blush. Probably no two persons would define poetry in the same terms, yet anyone who would presume to define it seldom fails to recognize it. There is no division in the

minds of men about great poetry. There may be in their affections, and ought to be. It is only along the border-land—the place where the line should be drawn—that differences of opinion arise, and it is a boundary line discussion that is being carried on to-day. Great poetry is always evident and needs no proof or test.

It is quite possible that there is a misunderstanding about realism, which is easier to define than to recognize. Many a piece of idealism is taken for realism because it is so natural. Just there comes in naturalism, which is neither wholly ideal nor wholly real, but is the golden mean between the two. Its foundation is necessarily realistic or it would not be natural. And it must be a part of idealism, else idealism would not be true, which is always necessary. Take, for example, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," which the champions of realism claim to be peculiarly their own. What does the poet do? He takes a very real subject, a humble cottage and its occupants, eliminates every imperfect element in the life within that cottage and combines the pleasing elements into a picture which represents a very natural life, not as it actually exists in any one example, but as it might exist and ought to exist. The poem is a piece of idealism with more than the usual amount of naturalism in it. The effect upon the reader is ethical as the effect of poetry ought always to be. If Mr. Kipling were to write of this cottage, he would be liable to give a wealth of detail that would bewilder the reader rather than enlighten him; some accident would happen the bairns and the weary cotter would recount his carking cares before forgetting them. The unpleasant elements of the life would be mingled with the pleasant, and a few swear-words thrown in for the sake of emphasis. The picture, as a whole, might be pleasing and the reader might be impressed with the idea that the poet had drawn from actual life, but would the general effect be as uplifting as that which comes from Burns?

The dweller upon the plains, who has been reared among the hills and the waters, cherishes in his mind a picture founded upon the memory of that earlier life. To him the picture is very real, but were he to express it in verse or upon the canvas, it would be a piece of very natural idealism, far removed from the actual and real. He would omit therefrom all the unpleasant elements of that life, though they were legion, and so combine the pleasant memories as to produce something purely ideal. Not being endowed with the power to give expression to these dreams of his, he seeks the poet, whose office it is to do it for him. Now, what is the duty of this poet? What kind of a picture shall he make? He can destroy the beautiful image in the mind of the plainsman by that truth which is perception. The one would be realism, the other idealism. He can never fulfill his mission by taking one jot or tittle from anything that is beautiful, even though it be no more than a dream or a memory.

The poet has other missions than that of giving form to the picture another carries in his mind—he creates new pictures for other minds to cherish, and what kind shall he create? There is enough sordidness in the actual life of man without the creation of anything fictitious in that line. The only way to drive this sordidness out of mind is to put something better in its place, and this the poet ought to do. Mr. Kipling can do it and has done it, but is it not true that, like Emerson, he has accomplished it through his prose in greater degree than through his verse?

While Kipling is not liable to write anything like "The Cotter's Saturday Night," yet he might write "Bannockburn" as well as Burns, and it has been lately claimed that "Bannockburn" is one of the best ten poems in the language.

I know of no better way to enter into the spirit of Burns' poetry than to read "The Cotter's Saturday Night." It may not be his greatest, but it is a beautiful picture of beautiful life.

In the first half of the poem he tells how on a Saturday night a weary cottager bends his way homeward o'er the moor, hoping to spend the morn in ease and rest. As the cot appears in view the expectant wee things toddle forth to meet their Dad. The bright fire on the hearth, his thrifty wife's smile, the infant prattling on his knee,

"Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil."

Later the older children, who are out at service, come dropping in and give an account of their week's work. A neighbor lad comes in to see Jenny, the oldest daughter, and both are very shy and very happy,—

"O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!"

There is an intensity, a kind of suppressed emotion about the poem's pictures which makes it very forceful. It breathes an ethical influence which can never be mistaken. Lockport says that of all Burns' pieces this is the one whose exclusion from the collection would be most injurious, if not to the genius of the poet, at least to the character of the man. There may be other poems which show greater genius. The other evening I asked of the man in my city who has studied Burns most, loves him best, and has even trod the field where the mouse was turned up and the daisy turned down, which seemed greatest to him, and he said, "The Lament for the Earl of Glencairn." It is a worthy selection.

If you should ask a Scotsman by what poems and songs Burns had most endeared himself to his countrymen, he would probably say "Tam O'Shanter," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Lament for the Earl of Glencairn," "Man Was Made to Mourn," "A Man 's a Man for a' That," and

"Bannockburn," but it is my belief that he would not be telling the truth. If you should ask a man what makes him love his wife and he should say her virtue and her beauty, you would not believe him. Men do not love women for these.

By the songs named Burns gained the respect and admiration of the Scottish people, but he did not gain their love. It is well to note that the relation of this poet to his countrymen is very different from that of any other famous bard.

We Americans know nothing of any such attachment. England has never loved a poet, though she has worshiped many. Victor Hugo was a king and people feared him for his very power. But Robert Burns is beloved, and why? Scotland is now and ever has been, since the day of the Celts, the land of song. The very air is full of tunes that have been sung and danced for ages by these humble cottagers—not for the words, but for the melodies. To these melodies Burns gave expression in words. The lonely ploughman who had gone about his work singing an old tune was given words—words which were the expression of his own best thought. The lover found vent for every feeling in his heart. The dwellers by the rivers Doon and Devon, and Ayr, and Afton, saw their surroundings glorified. The wife sang to the husband of that early love when they "were first acquaint." And each of these loved the man who had thus enabled them to express themselves; they felt something personal in their relation to this poet. There was something in the nature of confidence between him and them.

Burns had so many love-affairs that it is not worth while to endeavor to study out the different inspirers of his love-songs. Some we know because he sings to them by name. His wife was Jean Armour, and she was the "bonnie Jean" of whom he tells us much. To her he sang the sweetest song of all, "Of A' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw."

Of wedded love this poet said: "Conjugal love is passion

which I deeply feel, and highly venerate; but, somehow, it does not make such a figure in poesy as that other species of the passion,

'Where love is liberty, and Nature law.'

Musically speaking, the first is an instrument, of which the gamut is scanty and confined, but the tones inexpressibly sweet; while the last has powers equal to all the intellectual modulations of the human soul." Of these "inexpressibly sweet tones," this "John Anderson, my Jo, John," is one. "The calm depth of long-wedded and happy love utters itself."

Speaking of the songs that have won the hearts of the Scotsman, none has contributed more to that end than "My Heart 's in the Highland, My Heart Is Not Here." To those who have wandered away from the home-land, it must be very dear—for it is such a perfect vehicle for their thoughts. Burns started once for foreign lands, but the recognition of his genius came just in time to hold him. Perhaps it would have been better for the man and better for the poet had he gone. He tried two winters at Edinboro', but his heart was ever in the Highlands.

"My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here—
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

"Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here—
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go."

"Bannockburn" or "Bruce's Address" or "Scots Wha Hae" was composed on horseback; in riding the middle of tempests, over the wildest Galloway moor, in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing the poet's looks, forbore to speak,—judiciously enough, for a man composing "Bruce's Address" might be unsafe to trifle with. Doubtless this stern hymn was singing itself, as he formed it, through the soul of Burns; but to the external ear, it should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind. So long, says Carlyle, as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode; the best, we believe, that was ever written by any pen. This song has ever been a bone of contention among critics and is particularly so to-day, but why quarrel about it if the Scots like it? It serves a noble purpose by giving expression to the patriotism within the hearts of this people. It has become the Scotch national ode and air, and they sing it with the least possible excuse for doing so—except that they like the song. Time and again we see and hear old soldiers in this country singing "Marching Through Georgia" with much glee, and spirit and noise, who have never been within a thousand miles of Georgia. It is all a species of intoxicating symbolism and nothing more. Burns was the poet of love rather than a poet of patriotism, but this one effort shows the breadth, the greatness of his genius.

One of the favorite haunts of this poet was Craigie-burn-wood. It was there he met the "lassie wi' the hirt-white locks," and it is of her that he sings in this beautiful lyric. Her name is not known, but in a letter Burns speaks of her as "one of the finest women in Scotland," and he calls this song his favorite. In connection with its publication he gives the method

of his work, and it is well worth noting: "Whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song, to be in some degree equal to diviner airs, do you imagine I fast and pray for the celestial emanation? *Tout au contraire!* I have a glorious recipe; the very one that for his own use was invented by the divinity of healing and poetry, when erst he piped to the flocks of Admetus. I put myself in a regimen of admiring a fine woman; and in proportion to the adorability of her charms, in proportion you are delighted with my verses. The lightning of her eye is the godhead of Parnassus, and the witchery of her smile the divinity of Helicon!"

The most touching character that enters into the life of this poet was Mary Campbell. Whenever her name comes into a song the greatest depth of emotion is evident and the loftiest diction is used. She was one of the loves of the early home life, but by no means the first. Jean Armour came before her, and it is quite likely that had Mary Campbell lived, Jean Armour's children would ever have remained fatherless. But Mary died when their passion was warmest, and ever after the poet treasured her memory in his heart. Many things are glorified in his song by their association with her, and none is sweeter than this "Afton Water."

"To Mary in Heaven" was composed by Burns on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell. According to Mrs. Burns, he spent that day, though laboring under cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened he appeared to grow "very sad about something," and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplat-

ing the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes on a beautiful planet "that shone like another moon," and prevailed on him to come in. Immediately on entering the house, he called for his desk, and wrote exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, these sublime and pathetic verses.

If this "To Mary in Heaven" is not the greatest song that Burns wrote, it is certainly the best of what may be called the English songs. There is no dialect in it,—as there is none in "Afton Water." Somehow there was a sanctity in his memory of Mary Campbell that caused him to use a form more dignified than dialect, when singing about her. That first line, "Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray," is of the very essence of poetry—full of deep emotion and the product of imagination. Here he is in the company of the very great, and one cannot help regretting that there was not more in his life to make him linger there.

From about the middle of April, 1796, Burns seldom left his room, and for a great part of each day was confined to bed. At this crisis his faithful wife was laid aside with illness, unable to attend to him. But a young neighbor, Jessie Lewars, came to their house, assisted in all household work, and ministered to the dying poet. She was at this time only a girl. Whenever we think of the last days of the poet it is well to remember one who did so much to smooth his dying pillow.

Burns himself was deeply grateful, and his gratitude, as usual, found vent in song. But the old manner still clung to him. Even then he could not express his gratitude to his young benefactress without assuming the tone of a fancied lover. Two songs in this strain he addressed to Jessie Lewars. Of the second of these it is told, that one morning the poet said to her that if she would play to him any favorite tune for

which she desired to have new words, he would do his best to meet her wish. She sat down at the piano, and played over several times the air of an old song beginning thus:

"The robin came to the wren's nest,
And keekit in, and keekit in."

As soon as Burns had taken in the melody, he set to, and in a few moments composed the beautiful words of "Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast."

Shairp says that the one main characteristic of these songs is that their subjects, the subtance they lay hold of, belong to what is most permanent in humanity, those primary affections, those permanent relations of life which cannot change while man's nature is what it is. In this they are wholly unlike those songs which seize on the changing aspects of society. As the phases of social life change, these are forgotten. But no time can superannuate the subjects which Burns has sung; they are rooted in the primary strata, which are steadfast. Then as the subjects are primary, so the feeling with which Burns regards them is primary too—that is, he gives us the first spontaneous gush—the first throb of his heart, and that a most strong, simple, manly heart. The feeling is not turned over in the reflective faculty, and there artistically shaped—not subtilized and refined away till it has lost its power and freshness; but given at first hand, as it comes warm from within. When he is at his best, you seem to hear the whole song warbling through his spirit, naturally as a bird's. The whole subject is wrapped in an element of music, till it is penetrated and transfigured by it.

SHAKESPEARE.

HAVE no new interpretation of the message of the King,—no new discovery of hidden meanings. A new thought about Shakespeare now-a-days is a very rare product, not less so than a new thought about God. The literature about this man and his work is so voluminous that we are appalled by it. We lay it aside for a better time,—a fuller opportunity, but "men must work and women must weep," and to most of us the better time and the fuller opportunity never come. For these I have a message; for the students of Shakespeare, nothing.

There are many ways of studying literature, but there is only one true way. Every good piece of literature is a revelation—a revelation of a man's mind. It may not be a discovery of a truth. It may reveal nothing but what the reader already knows. But it reveals a man's mind. If it be a great mind and the revelation be well expressed, the result is good literature.

For us thoroughly to appreciate it, we must endeavor to study the order of the development of this revelation. From studying the growth of a man's art we discover the development of his mind. At the same time, a knowledge of the period of development of a man's mind throws much light upon his art.

It would be a waste of time to try to remember that "Love's Labour 's Lost" was written in 1590 and "The Tempest" in 1610, but for an intelligent comprehension of Shakespeare's work, it is absolutely necessary to know that one was his first

original play and the other the greatest of the late plays.

If men dared question Shakespeare's greatness—as they do Shelley's, for instance,—then his admirers would be kept busy answering questions. As it is, the world goes along on the principle that "the king can do no wrong"; but kings have done wrong from time immemorial, and this one of ours is no exception.

Some things must be explained, not for the purpose of meeting attacks, but for the purpose of satisfying our own minds. There are passages in those early plays that it is not easy to believe that Shakespeare wrote.

At least, it is difficult to believe that the same hand wrote them that wrote "King Lear." It is an inspiring sight when a man rises from the valley to the mountain-top. Shakespeare did that. If you read the "Winter's Tale" to-day and "A Comedy of Errors" to-morrow, he will seem to you to be descending from the mountain-top to the valley. You must know that the "Winter's Tale" was the last comedy and the "Comedy of Errors" one of the first, otherwise you will have a disordered picture of a great mind, and one for which much of your respect must necessarily be forced.

Again, there is a pleasure, a satisfaction, in this method of study that is inexpressible. No man has ever been crude enough, or brute enough, not to enjoy the "unfoldings" of life. One will tenderly linger over a budding rose, watching the spreading of each petal. The housewife revels in the growth of her garden, and the farmer in that of his crops; not for what they expect to get out of them, but from the observation of Nature's progress, although they may think otherwise. The greatest of all early pleasures that come to a parent is the gradual development of the child's mind. And how mean is the life of every one of us in whose heart there is not ever springing some growth of love!

To make such observation is the true way to study Shake-

speare. Take the plays in groups of four, one from each period, beginning with the first. You will be charmed. You will see his greatness grow and his greatness will seem the greater because you have seen it grow. As a suggestion, take "Love's Labour 's Lost," "Twelfth Night," "Measure for Measure," and "The Tempest." Do not let me convey the impression that I, or any other person, think the first period a bundle of weakness and the last play necessarily the greatest. It must be remembered that Shakespeare was great when he began. There is enough great poetry in his first play to prove good title to his royalty.

Of his early work are the sonnets, whose exceeding worth is being more and more discovered and appreciated. In the opening lines of that wonderful XXXIII. sonnet:

> "*Full many a glorious morning have I seen*
> *Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,*
> *Kissing with golden face the meadows green,*
> *Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.*"

Then again it must be remembered that there are times and occasions when a great constructive mind is more quick, when revelations come clearer and inspiration is more intense. In another's words, time when "one does not seek for truth, but rather is sought for by truth, and found; one does not construct beautiful imaginings, but beauty itself haunts and startles and waylays." "Hamlet," "Othello," "Lear" and "Macbeth" are his greatest creations, most people think, but they are not his latest, yet it may be safely said that even through them and on to "The Tempest," the development of his art may be traced.

By this method of study we compare the plays and connect them. We discover origins. We get relative values. We learn to criticise a man's works from his works. Our taste is cultivated in order and, parenthetically, it may be said

that much literary taste is worthless because it is cultivated out of order. There is so little system to most persons' indulgence in literature that the good they get out of it is akin to that they get from a meal of victuals—it sustains life and not much else.

Life is too short and too full, to most of us, to indulge in literary curiosity and to work out literary puzzles. If the chronology of Shakespeare's plays be not more than these, then it would better be left alone.

These reasons may be given for this chronological study:

1. To account for weaknesses.
2. To observe the order of development.
3. To make comparisons and get relative values.
4. To cultivate the taste.
5. To gain joy and satisfaction.

Most authors have furnished us with dates and memoranda showing the chronological order of their work, but not so with Shakespeare; and surely it is a good thing for students of literature that he failed to do so. It has forced men to study the order of the development of the greatest mind earth has produced, and it is safe to say that the study of the human mind is the greatest intellectual pursuit. Then, again, the result of this study of this one great mind is the production of a goodly share of the world's best literature, and no person should let the days of study go by without getting some benefits from it.

After satisfying yourself that a chronological study of Shakespeare's works is a worthy pursuit, the next question is, What are the evidences of this chronology? These have been classified as:

1. Wholly external.
2. External and internal.
3. Wholly internal.

Taking the wholly external, we find some evidence from

the publication of his works. This evidence is somewhat meager, for many of the plays were first published in the famous First Folio in 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, but several appeared earlier. While the date of publication may be widely different from the date of composition, yet it is the last possible date, and to that extent helps. "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II.," and "Richard III." were published in 1597, hence we know that these plays do not belong to the third and fourth periods.

A second aid for fixing these dates is the mention of them in contemporary books and documents of certain date. Diaries make mention of performances. Meres, in his "Wits' Treasury," 1598, gives six comedies and six tragedies which are "most excellent for the stage."

Next come allusions, quotations and imitations by contemporaries. Take these lines from Weeter's "Mirror of Martyrs," 1601:

> "*The many-headed multitude were drawne*
> *By Brutus' speech, that Caesar was ambitious;*
> *When eloquent Mark Antonie had shownе*
> *His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?*"

Those lines were surely suggested by Shakespeare and inasmuch as they appeared in 1601, we know that "Julius Cæsar" must have been written not later than that date.

Again, some information may be gathered from the fact that certain persons performed a play or that it was performed at a certain theater. The date of the performance being known, we get the last possible date for the composition of the play.

While none of this wholly external evidence is sufficient, yet it is indisputable and, like all circumstantial evidence, it is conclusive so far as it goes.

Taking evidence which is partly external, we find allusions in the plays to historical events whose dates are known. These

allusions are numerous and, of course, they fix the earliest possible date as the external evidence fixed the latest possible date. Some of the allusions are in such form that the writing of the play must have been contemporary with the historical event. Then we get the exact date.

Of the same nature and of like effect are the quotations from and allusions to the works of other writers. For instance, in "As You Like It" there occurs this line, duly quoted:

"Whoever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?"

That is taken from Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," which was published in 1598. Hence "As You Like It" must have been written at a later date.

Of the next kind—wholly internal—there is an abundance, but it is not conclusive. Much of it is theoretical, yet it is real. We first construct the man, make the development of his mind symmetrical, and then we fit the plays to him. It may be a hazardous proceeding in some instances, yet the external evidence contains enough "monuments of description," as the surveyors say, to keep us within reasonable bounds.

It does not require very close observation nor very deep learning to discover that there is a great change in the style and diction of the plays. In "Love's Labour 's Lost," for example, the speeches are studied and the conversation is stilted. The language in these early plays, as they are now classified, "is as it were a dress put upon the thought"; another has said, "a dress ornamented with superfluous care." In the middle plays, such as the great tragedies, the thought and the expression seem evenly balanced. There seems not a word too many or too few to bring out the idea and the action. In the late plays, the romances, the action and the thought seem faster than the language. While in the early plays one occasionally gets impatient and feels like skipping a speech, in the later

ones he dares not omit a line, for he knows that it is needed. In "Love's Labour 's Lost" Lord Biron in a conversation with the King and at a time when the action ought to be the quickest, makes a set speech of seventy-six lines long. To be sure, every line contains a thought, but it all impresses one as out of place.

One also notices the growth of Shakespeare's taste and judgment. In the supposed early plays, there is an abundance of puns, things in which men of mature years and sound discretion never indulge, over-wrought rhetoric and classical allusions with a bountiful mixture of Latin. Some of these plays contain so much of this stuff that one must conclude that they were written in nonage or dotage.

Dumain—"*I would forget her; but a fever she*
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be."
Biron—"*A fever in your blood! why, then incision*
Would let her out in saucers; sweet misprison."

This is simply disgusting, and a lack of years and discretion is all that will excuse it in one like Shakespeare.

There is a wide difference in the structure of the plays. In those which we know to be early, there is too much symmetry. We have the two Antiphlouses and the two Dromios —the King of Navarre and his three friends with the Princess of France and her three friends. In "Romeo and Juliet" this forced symmetry is very evident. There are the two Capulet servants and the two Montague servants—Benvolio and the Tybalt; Old Capulet and his lady against Montague and his lady. As Edward Dowden says: "In the early plays structure determines function; in the later plays organization precedes life."

There is also a great change in characterization. In the early plays the individual character seems ever to be subordinate to incident, as is illustrated in the "Comedy of Errors."

The characters seem to be controlled by the action instead of the action being controlled by them. In "Love's Labour 's Lost" the dialogue governs everything and everybody with an unnaturalness that is very tiresome. In the later plays we have a characterization that sweeps everything before it. To sound the actual depths of Hamlet, Lear and Othello is an impossibility. And surely you have noticed the difference in the women. Many of the early ones are shrewish and termagant. There is Rosanne, with her bold repartee, in "Love's Labour 's Lost." There are Mistress Page and Mistress Ford with their questionable schemes. Juliet is about the only lovable character among them. In the later plays we have such as Hermione, Perdita, Miranda, Imogen and Desdemona. We respect them and love them.

Taking the plays as a whole, it is but natural to group into late periods those which so plainly show deeper reflective power, more energetic imagination, increasing sympathy with human passion, gravely significant humor in close connection with a deepening pathos, greater moral reach, true justice, charity, self-control, strength of will—in brief and in truth, all those mental and moral attributes which form a great man who is a great poet. It may be mere conjecture to base the date of a play on elements such as these, but it is safe to conclude that such plays are products of a mature mind—particularly when we have others with which to compare them and which we know are not the product of a mature mind. A comparison of this kind comes more properly under the study of the growth of the mind.

While much of this internal evidence is something that can be felt rather than weighed and measured, now we come to the verse test and they are capable of exact scientific calculation. Some of these tests are not apparent to the casual observer, but indefatigable Shakespeare students have been enthusiastic enough to figure them out, and the result is very

beneficial. Some of them may seem far-fetched, yet these figures ought to mean something. They certainly imply an intent on the poet's part, and it is safe to suppose that whatever changes he made in the form of his art seemed best to him, and whatever seemed best to him was then and is now best for us.

The study of the growth of Shakespeare's mind should come as a conclusion rather than as a premise. It is well to have it in mind at all times for the guidance of observation, but it cannot be formed on a quick study. The road is main-traveled, a multitude has followed it; and I can do little more than point out a little of the way as others have found it, and formed it.

During the first period of Shakespeare's work he was from twenty-five to thirty-one years of age. He had just become a man, with few of the actual experiences of life, and such experiences as he had had were not such as to develop the art of poetry. The dramatic instinct was in him, and thus we find him first touching up old plays, "Titus Andronicus" and "Henry VI.," which are called the "Pre-Shakespearean Group." He was an industrious and ambitious apprentice and very naturally tried his hand at original work. The beginning was "Love's Labour 's Lost," and with that one must first get the bearings of his mind in order to trace its development. This play has been called "a portrait of him in his boyhood." It is a protest in the form of a satire. You know Shakespeare was always protesting. Later he did it in the form of the great tragedies. Now he does it as youth generally does—by laughing at people and plans, and ideas. Chiefly it is a protest against exclusive book-learning. The King and his three lords resolve to turn their court into a "little Academe" for three years, devoting themselves to study, fasting much, sleeping little, and particularly forswearing the company, even the sight of women. All this Shakespeare rid-

icules, and by his play proves their inability to withstand temptation. The one great idea is that there is something on earth to study besides books.

> "*So study evermore is overshot:*
> *While it doth study to have what it would,*
> *It doth forget to do the thing it should;*
> *And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,*
> *'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.*"

Hence from this play we discover the very foundation idea of his mind—that the proper study of man is man. Here is the beginning of his revelation of man.

Another early play is "Midsummer-Night's Dream," which more than any other of the first period works shows his possession of the great creative faculty. To be sure, here it is in its youthful form, fancy, but it is no less the creative faculty. One finds this play full of those delicate, ethereal touches for which we love Keats and Shelley so much, and one soon begins to see how the spirit, even the form, of Shakespeare hovered over the later poets. Take a line like this:

> "*Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon.*"

That is the very essence of great poetry, of the richest product of a great mind. It is that same old power of perception and conception which God put into some minds and made poets and artists out of them.

Mr. Furnivall, the great English Shakespearean scholar, once wrote Mr. Ruskin about the interpretation of a "passage in Shakespeare," and Mr. Ruskin, who happened to be in one of his petulant moods, replied: "You say not one man in one hundred and fifty knows what the line means. My dear Furnivall, not one man in fifteen thousand in the nineteenth century knows, or ever can know, what any line, or any word, means, used by a great writer. For most words stand for things that are seen, or things that are thought of;

and in the nineteenth century there is certainly not one man in fifteen thousand who ever looks at anything, and not one in fifteen million capable of a thought."

It is in "Midsummer-Night's Dream" that he first shows how well he knew the human mind in a philosophical way. Here we get that description of poetic imagination which has been so often quoted.

Taking these two plays together, "Love's Labour 's Lost" and "Midsummer-Night's Dream," and these only of the first group, we discover the two attributes upon which all this poet's greatness rests, a true knowledge of man and a great creative faculty.

Whatever conclusions I may draw from the second period will be based on "Twelfth Night," that one of all the comedies which to me seems the most charming, and "Much Ado About Nothing." The great thing that impresses one in this period is his firmer grasp of himself, the world and his art. The result of age and experience is very evident. There is an air of symmetry about both the substance and the form of his art, which implies a mature, symmetrical man behind it. The poet's years in London had thrown him against brighter minds, and his own wits had been sharpened thereby. In "Much Ado About Nothing" he gives those memorable lines about the imagination which show that he was developing in philosophy with the added years.

You will remember that Claudio rejects Hero at the marriage altar because he believes her to have been unfaithful. She swoons and it is given out that she died. The old friar, who was about to marry them, believes not a word of the slander, and says of Claudio:

> "*When he shall hear she died upon his words,*
> *The idea of her life shall sweetly creep*
> *Into his study of imagination,*
> *And every lovely organ of her life*

Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed."

A modern psychologist could not define and describe the act of reproductive imagination with more particularity.

"Twelfth Night" is the last of the joyous comedies. He seems to have put into it the best of all that had gone before and nothing of the meanness. It needs no expurgation. Viola, masquerading as a man, is not less attractive than when she appears as her own true self. In that she exceeds Rosalind. There is mirth and humor, which is akin to pathos, abounding on every page. There is strength in every character, even in the lowest comedy parts.

Mr. Dowden has called this period "in the world," and it happily expresses the development of his mind. It means added experience, deeper philosophy, more symmetrical character, more refined art.

When we endeavor to trace the way of this great mind through the third period of its greatness, we are lost at the first turning. It is the period of all the great tragedies. The youthfulness that brought forth "Love's Labour 's Lost" and "Midsummer-Night's Dream," and the prosperous, busy life that produced "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Twelfth Night," have gone. Personal grief and disappointment have brought the clouds, and what dense clouds they are! He has turned from the objective to the subjective, and as he looks within he finds his own soul a very dark place. It is surely a voice out of the depths. Even the comedies are serious, dark and ironical. The period is one long protest against the wickedness of the world. It is a study of its mystery. It is here that he sounds the lowest depth of human passion. "King Lear" is a whirlwind, too great for the greatest actor that has ever lived.

It is not for us who study and practice literature as a mere recreation to attempt to trace the development of this mind through this period. While we know most of him through the work of this time, yet we continually see before us heights and depths that we cannot hope to attain or to fathom, and thereby do we get our deepest impressions of his wonderful greatness.

And now the clouds have rolled away and we come to the period of happy romances, "The Tempest," "A Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," and "Pericles." Of these last period plays, "The Tempest" and "A Winter's Tale" come to one like a spring sun after a dark and stormy winter. They are the product of a mind which has bought peace through suffering. They come from one who has grown wise, large-hearted and calm-souled. Repentance and forgiveness are taught in every line. Although Hermione has been wronged, by suspicion and accusation, beyond human endurance, yet, when repentance is made, forgiveness is forthcoming. What a great, beautiful, strong woman she is! And it is the oracle that saves her—something above and beyond the power of man. The poet now begins to see an overruling providence that shapes all things to a happy end. In these older days again he turns to the joys of youth—the innocence and wildness of a Perdita. Once more we find those delicate, graceful touches of the early dreams, but they are drawn with a surer hand and have a significance that is more than playfulness.

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

"For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long."

As Shakespeare unfolds his greatness we are overwhelmed by it. Here is a man who will lay bare the inmost parts of your own soul, and a sight of it will keep you. It may make you disheartened at first, may show you the form of your own unworthiness, but it will help you. It will encourage you to make your soul a better one, and therein lies the badge of Shakespeare's royalty.

"*Above the goodly land more his than ours*
He sits supreme, enthroned in skyey towers,
And sees the heroic brood of his creation
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
O shaping brain! O flashing fancy's hues!
O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dews!
O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime
For each dim oracle of mantled Time!
Transcendent form of Man! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of impulse, thought, and deed!
Amid the expanse of years beholding thee,
We know how vast our world of life may be;
Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine
Small tasks and strengths may be no less divine."

LITERARY TRUTH.

IT BEHOOVES us occasionally to look to our instruments of measurement—our means for the estimation of literature—that we may be assured not only that we are giving good measure in our criticism, but also that we are getting all that is coming to us.

Otherwise, we unwittingly get into the habit of guessing, and many are the mistakes made thereby—in the library as well as in the market. We say that we know what we like and that is enough for us. But it is not enough for others, unless we know what we ought to like. Individually, it matters little what a man thinks of a book, unless he knows what a book should be. But in the ultimate verdict every reader has a part, and because he has a part in that verdict he ought to qualify himself as a juror. There is a tradition hovering around courts of law that ignorance makes a model juror, but no advocate of a just cause has ever claimed as much.

No man lives to himself in literary criticism, any more than he does in politics or religion. Now and then some unworthy person flatters himself into the notion that he can be and is "a thing apart," but he is deceived. He may deny that he is a literary critic, but it will not change the fact. The girl who rocks and reads a novel is a literary critic in a way. She may not be a deep thinker, but she knows whether she would like to read another book of the same kind, and she expresses that judgment to her dearest friend, and her dearest friend straightway goes and gets the book and

does likewise. That girl's verdict is worth nothing to you, or to me, or to any other person, because it is not based upon any logical application of definite principles, but it counts in the general judgment. It is a fact to which all can testify that while immediate popular judgment is often wrong, yet the ultimate general estimate is invariably correct. That can be attested in other arts than literature; in other fields than art.

True it is, as Ruskin says, that we ought not to talk science before we know, or literature before we think. But men will talk, regardless of knowledge or thought. In the end, however, humanity saves the real; and the true, the beautiful and the good come into their inheritance.

Another reason why we ought to take an occasional sounding is that we may discover our points of view and be thereby encouraged and inspired to rise to a higher plane with all its opportunities for wider vision. "No man can study or interpret life save from the point of view where he finds himself," and the same is true of his relations to literature. One may catch the full beauty of a mountain, in form and color, when viewing it at a distance; but not until he has begun to climb it does there come to him a full appreciation of its greatness. As he climbs his point of view changes, and with every step and turn, as he looks up and down and afar off, not only the mountain, but the whole world and the God who made it, seem to gain in grandeur.

Henry James says that art is mainly a point of view. That may be true, because I am not quite sure of what he means, but perhaps he does not include literature in the term "art" as he there used it. Certain it is that the art of literature is something more than a point of view. The point of view regulates the relation of literature to life, and for that reason, if for no other, we ought so to qualify ourselves that we may get the full benefit of that relation. That the literary

art is not mainly a point of view is refuted by the classics. They seem the same from all viewpoints, at all times. Stripped of every advantage or condition that might have been lent to them by circumstances, yet they are universally considered to be of the greatest worth and importance.

As a fundamental proposition it will be admitted that all art, literature included, "exists in consequence of the universal human desire for sympathy." To be sure, it may be said that most expression is in consequence of that desire. Perhaps we have been more ready to acknowledge that proposition in practical life than in art. "Expression is the habit and law of civilized life." The lawyer pleads his cause in the form that he deems most likely to gain the sympathy of the judge and juror. The editor writes his opinions only that he may make his readers see life as it appears to him, and thereby gain their sympathy. The wooing of a lover and the training of a child mean as much, and little more.

One is inclined to look upon history as a matter of cold fact without an element of human sympathy in it, but years ago, before he became a great historian, and before he had ever thought of becoming president of Princeton University, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, in an essay, said:

"And so it turns out, when the actual test of experiment is made, that the historian must have something more than a good conscience, must be something more than a good man. He must have an eye to see the truth; and nothing but a very catholic imagination will serve to illuminate his matter for him; nothing less than keen and steady insight will make even illumination yield him the truth of what he looks upon. Even when he has seen the truth, only half his work is done, and that not the more difficult half. He must then make others see it just as he does; only when he has done that has he told the truth."

This idea of Professor Wilson is most strikingly illustrated

by the methods, or, rather, the art, of Macaulay. Every reference to the relation of England to the world brings to mind that statement of his that "Not since the fires went out at the battle of Hastings have the inhabitants of England seen the smoke of an enemy's camp." It makes one see England as he saw her, and it wins all the sympathy of the reader's heart.

However, aside from the lawyer, the journalist, and the historian, upon examination we find how true it is that art does exist in consequence of this human desire for sympathy. The artist sees things, and then, by the brush, or the chisel, or the pen, strives to make others see as much. The great English painter Turner was showing one of his pictures to a woman, and she said, "I cannot see those colors in a sunset;" and he said, "Don't you wish you could?" The poet Keats wrote:

"Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry,
For large white plumes are dancing in mine eye."

Our own Emerson, in the song "My Garden," expressed the idea most completely in the opening stanza:

"If I could put my words in song,
And tell what 's there enjoyed,
All men would to my garden throng,
And leave the cities void."

If the object of one who practices the literary art be to gain our sympathy, then how shall he do it? There can be but one answer, which is that he must confine himself to that literary truth which is the subject of this paper. It seems quite possible to discuss this question without first defining literature or attempting to give an answer to Pilate's question. Theoretically we find much difficulty in matters of this kind, but somehow practically we feel that we know, even if we

are not able to tell what we know. The books are full of definitions of literature, but they do not satisfy. It is as hard a thing to define as religion or Nature, and one cannot help feeling the force of the late statement of John Burroughs that literature is a manifestation of something that is itself indefinable. Technically, that cannot be true, because there is no such thing as unexpressed literature, and Burroughs' definition implies that there is something of that kind. For the sake of reference, let us take that given by Professor Arlo Bates in his Boston lectures under the auspices of the Lowell Institute. For the purpose of his addresses there he defined it "as the adequate expression of genuine and typical emotion"; in the following sentence stating that "certainly the essentials of literature are the adequate embodiment of sincere and general feeling." His definitions of literature, like all others, have to be defined, and it is a remarkable and somewhat ridiculous fact that every man who has defined literature has found it necessary to write a book to define his definition. That part of the definition which refers to "adequate expression" is not a matter for this evening's study, but the "genuine and typical emotion," or, in other words, the "sincere and general feeling," is that literary truth with which we are concerned.

Doubtless the general acceptation of the term "literary truth" is historical truth or simply conformity to facts. Literary truth has nothing to do with anything of the kind. A glance through the accepted classics of English literature will demonstrate how unimportant a thing is conformity to fact, in the estimation of pure literary art. Even Shakespeare was guilty of much impossible history and geography. The greatest lines written by Keats in the greatest sonnet in the language, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," puts Cortez, instead of Balboa,

"*Silent upon a peak in Darien.*"

And what difference does it make to you, or to me, or to any person, which was there?

W. D. Howells recently took occasion to score the tendency toward the romantic in literature, and called attention particularly to certain work which could not be true because there were no such kings and queens and kingdoms and countries, doubtless referring particularly to Anthony Hope. We all know that Mr. Howells never makes a mistake of that kind. He can give a description of a New York flat or apartment-house which will excel in the matter of detail the advertisements of the most enterprising real-estate broker. Surely this precision of his in that respect has nothing whatever to do with the value of his art.

This brings to mind that class of literature called realism which, while not undertaking to record actual events, yet records imaginary ones with such a wealth of detail that it affects us the same as does the record of actual occurrences found in the daily press. Within the last six months the stage of my city has had Ibsen's "Ghosts" and Tolstoi's "Resurrection." Both are realistic, but there is the widest difference between them. Ibsen lays bare a condition that is so extremely revolting that one shudders in the horror of it. The feeling that it brings is almost identical with that we experience in coming in contact with the actual tragedies of life. One would not think of taking his child to see one of the Ibsen plays any sooner than he would take him to see the execution of a murderer, and all the Ibsen argument about the ethical influence of that kind of art applies as well to the ethical influence that comes from contact with the actual wickedness of life. But Tolstoi, like Shakespeare, illumines his tragedy in such manner that there is no mistaking the good influence that comes from it.

Not long since it was my good fortune to see Sothern in "Hamlet." The wealth of scenery and properties used

in the production of the play puts an atmosphere around it that, coupled with the perfection of his art, makes one forget his own life and surroundings for the time being. As the dead Hamlet is borne away on the shields of the soldiers and the curtain goes down there comes the feeling that life is larger. It is impossible to express this difference in effect upon us between the actual tragedy and the acted tragedy, but we realize it, and we realize it so much more thoroughly and loftily in a tragedy of Shakespeare that his kingship is very evident.

In discussing this question of whether realism has aught to do with literary truth, one must consider its application to other forms than the drama and the novel.

It is quite possible that there is a misunderstanding about realism, which is easier to define than to recognize. Many a piece of idealism is taken for realism because it is so natural. Just there comes in naturalism, which is neither wholly ideal nor wholly real, but is the golden mean between the two. Its foundation is necessarily realistic or it would not be natural. And it must be a part of idealism, else idealism would not be true, which is always necessary. Take, for example, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," which the champions of realism claim to be peculiarly their own. What does the poet do? He takes a very real subject, a humble cottage and its occupants, eliminates every imperfect element in the life within that cottage and combines the pleasing elements into a picture which represents a very natural life, not as it actually exists in any one example, but as it might exist and ought to exist. The poem is a piece of idealism with more than the usual amount of naturalism in it. The effect upon the reader is ethical, as the effect of poetry ought always to be.

The dweller upon the plains, who has been reared among the hills and the waters, cherishes in his mind a picture founded upon the memory of that earlier life. To him this picture

is very real, but were he to express it in verse or upon the canvas, it would be a piece of very natural idealism, far removed from the actual and real. He would omit therefrom all the unpleasant elements of that life, though they were legion, and so combine the pleasant memories as to produce something purely ideal. Not being endowed with the power to give expression to these dreams of his, he seeks the poet, whose office is to do it for him. Now, what is the duty of this poet? What kind of a picture shall he make? He can destroy the beautiful image in the mind of the plainsman by that truth which is fact, or he can enhance its beauty by that truth which is perception. The one would be realism, the other idealism. He can never fulfill his mission by taking one jot or tittle from anything that is beautiful, even though it be no more than a dream or a memory.

The poet has other missions than that of giving form to the picture another carries in his mind—he creates new pictures for other minds to cherish, and what kind shall he create? There is enough sordidness in the actual life of man without the creation of anything fictitious in that line. The only way to drive this sordidness out of mind is to put something better in its place, and this the poet ought to do.

There is a most excellent illustration of what I mean in Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing." You will remember that Claudio rejects Hero at the marriage altar because he believes her to have been unfaithful. She swoons and it is given out that she died. The old friar, who was about to marry them, believes not a word of the slander, and says of Claudio:

> "*When he shall hear she died upon his words,*
> *The idea of her life shall sweetly creep*
> *Into his study of imagination,*
> *And every lovely organ of her life*

Shall come appareled in more precious habit,
More moving delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed."

There is an example of that perfection which science gives to art. What is it that creeps "into his study of imamination,"—"into the eye and prospect of his soul"? It is not his memory of her life, but "the idea of her life," with "every lovely organ . . . . appareled in more precious habit." Is not that the true realism of art?

Another misconception of literary truth is moral truth,—not in the sense of ethical influence, which is a necessary part of all art, but moral teaching in actual terms. A better name for it is didactics. There is no denying the fact that literature with a purpose—that is, with the purpose expressed in the work itself—is not able to gain a place among the classics. Wordsworth is not remembered for his ecclesiastical sonnets. George Herbert is known only to the few. Whittier's fame is growing dim. Novels like "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher," are forgotten.

The novel has become the most general form in literature, and it is the only form with which a majority of readers are familiar. Its power for good or evil is so great that it cannot be estimated, and so great power ought to have a mission other than that of mere entertainment. But no sensible person likes to have didactics sugar-coated with poetry and fiction. He prefers to take them separately, knowing that he will derive more benefit. One does not like to see a medicine sign pasted on a work of art, or a Bible text painted on a rock. It is fortunate for literary art that Scott broke the pace set by Richardson and Fielding. While a moral purpose is not a thing to be concealed, yet when it is so evident in a novel that it becomes insistent, then the realm of ethics is abandoned for that of didactics. But is it true that the mod-

ern novelist, in the effort to shun everything that might be construed to be didactic, has so far departed from his forefathers as to shut out even the ethical influence that his work ought to breathe?

In making estimates of this kind of literature one may not cast aside all that mass of stuff represented by E. P. Roe without giving a reason therefor, and it is not an easy matter to state the reason. About all that one can say is that it is a waste of time to read such books, because there are so many better ones. The virtues of that class of fiction are certainly of the negative kind. From it one would never learn how to do wrong, and it is doubtful whether anything so inartistic could ever lead one to do right. These are good books for those who would be reading something worse if they did not have them, but they are harmful to those who would be reading something better if these were out of the way. These novels have religion in them. It is dragged in and is made so evident that one cannot escape it, but it does not have the right effect. More and more the world is coming to realize that religious expression which is not artistic in form is seldom ethical in effect, and at the same time that many things are ethical in effect which have naught to do with the expression of religion.

But all this is to tell what literary truth is not. If our definition of literature be correct, then it is "genuine and typical emotion." By genuine emotion we mean sincerity, and it is used to cover a multitude of sins. By sincerity in literature we do not mean that an author simply believes what he says, or perceives or feels what he expresses. Self-deception is the easiest thing in the world. Sometimes it is pitiful, and sometimes it is disgusting, and any victory gained by it is short-lived. Sentiment is what a man feels, and sentimentality is what he persuades himself that he feels. Being fully persuaded, he gives full expression to his feelings, believing

that others may be as easily deceived. "Theoretically we may doubt of our power to judge of the sincerity of an author, but we do not find this so impossible practically." In going home on the car the other evening a woman explained the success and power of a certain man along right lines by saying that "he always rings true."

Another kind of sincerity that does not count is illustrated by the author who gives as an excuse for his work the fact that it is true to his perceptions. Longfellow said:

"*Look, then, into thy heart, and write.*"

While no author ought to put into form anything that he cannot see in his own heart, yet he must understand that the mere fact that something is in his heart does not give him the right to express it. The world is full of bad men with bad hearts. The fact that a man actually perceives a thing a certain way does not give him the right always to express that perception.

In the summer of 1895 it was my good fortune to fall in with Mr. Hamlin Garland in the mountains of Colorado. I called him to account for the kind of literary work he had done in the volume of short stories called "Main-Traveled Roads." He replied that the artist must express whatever he perceives, and maintained that sincerity was the real test of literature; that in that book he depicted certain life as he perceived it, and that as an artist he could not have done otherwise. In the early days of the Populist movement in Kansas, when the winds were hot and the people were crazed, this book had a great circulation among the malcontents. Wide-awake agents sold it on the streets and through the country, and it filled a want which was very eager, if not long-felt. It was a case of the dissatisfied reading about the dissatisfied, and the book was liked because misery loves company. His book did not contain portrayals of sorrow and

suffering and self-sacrifice, which are ofttimes the most beautiful things in the world, but was a wail from the discontented. It could have and did have but one effect, and that was to make the reader's own life seem the meaner. There is something wrong with a book which does that, and we are inclined to believe that Mr. Garland made a mistake in expressing such perceptions. We do not doubt his sincerity in the sense that he perceived all that he expressed, but we question his theory that the artist must express such things because he has perceived them.

According to our definition, this emotion which literature expresses must not only be genuine, but also typical, and therein we believe lies the best manifestation of what is meant by literary truth. By the word "typical" is meant that which is general and universal as distinguished from the personal. "The eternal facts of life and of death, of love and of hate, the instinct of self-preservation, the fear of pain, the respect for courage, and the enthrallment of passion,—these are laws of humanity so universal that we assume them to be known to all mankind." The result is that when we find some work in literature so portraying life that it ignores these conditions of human existence, we know that it is not true. Life is a matter of relationships, and no one has a right to undertake to portray them until he understands them. A French essayist said that it takes a great deal of life to make a little art. In that way do we account for the fact that little of American literature has yet found its way into the realm of the classics. In that way do we account for the incompleteness of the art and philosophy of Shelley and of Keats, both of whom died as they were emerging from boyhood. We have a right to suppose that had those poets lived the length of days that were given to Wordsworth and Tennyson, they would have grown into a truer conception of the relations of men to one

another and to God, and thus given us poetry that would never be questioned.

We read a book or a poem and something within tells us whether it is true. Washington Allston speaks of it as a new faculty,—some power inherent and fundamental in our nature. True it is that we find nothing strange and unnatural in the fantastic characters of Shakespeare. The effect they have upon us is one of truth. We read with our children the fables of Æsop and the "Jungle Stories" of Kipling, knowing that they violate the laws of natural science, but in some way they give us genuine pleasure. But when literature violates the accepted laws of psychology, logic and ethics, we cast it aside and it falls of its own weight.

Let it be said that every man who reads a book or a poem ought to test its value by asking himself whether he has been benefited thereby. There must come from it some influence for good which is not the less real because it is indefinable. The curiosities and monstrosities of literature are matters for museums and not for homes, but the genuine miracles are as instructive now as of old. They are wrought by the imagination, which ought to be so used by those who are gifted with its expression that it will bring men to a fuller and higher realization of their relationships.

THE POWER OF THE VISION.

T WAS a preacher of great sermons and a singer of great songs who said, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Though we live in another age and Solomon seems to us far back in the centuries, the wisdom of his proverb is a wisdom of to-day. There is too strong a tendency in these times of ours to shape education and life after the manner of the practical—so-called practical—and it behooves us occasionally to be reminded that it is the ideal, and not the practical, that saves us from perishing. The former sustains the soul and the latter the body, and the relative value is as the soul to the body. Both are essential, and in pleading for the ideal I seek not to destroy the practical.

It ever has been true and ever will be true that

"*Men must work and women must weep,*"

and education must not be unmindful of that practical training which makes labor lighter and consequently tears fewer, but sometimes—yea, most times—we forget, if we ever have learned it, what it is that tends most to make labor lighter and tears fewer. It is the power of vision, and without it the people perish.

What is this wonderful power of vision that saves people from perishing? It is the power of dreaming and perceiving, the power of seeing things with the eyes open and the eyes closed, and of seeing those things which make of earth something of heaven, for the nature of our dreams and per-

ceptions is of supreme importance. Visions that are nightmares do not save the people from perishing, and every vision is a nightmare that has not some element of beauty in it.

There be some who profess to believe that visions are for poets and prophets, but their professions are not sincere. We are all dreamers. We could not work if we did not dream. In truth we could not live if we did not dream, and that was what Solomon said in his proverb. If, perchance, we should continue to exist in the flesh, the soul, the spiritual life would perish, and we would be no more than the embodiment of Millet's painting and Markham's poem, "The Man with the Hoe." Have you never thought it strange that so few men and women commit suicide? Have you not wondered why they should go on from year to year bearing burdens that will surely crush them in the end? Is it the fear of God that prevents all such perishing? Is it not simply hope, that hope which is no more, and no less, than a vision? Whichever it may be, it is a vision. And vision is something more than a preventive of perishing. It is the means, the support, of true life.

In my town there is a man for whom the people express much sympathy, or, rather, pity. He is getting well along in years, nearly seventy, and has accumulated no wealth. There have been times when the question of means for procuring the necessities of life has been very serious, not more so than in a multitude of other cases, but this man is highly educated and the conditions seem strange. The truth is, he is not a practical man and the matter of education has had nothing to do with his failure to get rich. But he has lived a happy life, and a clean life, and a kind life. Some people call him a dreamer. The other morning I was driving behind him out into the country and he was talking to himself and making gestures as though an audience were before him. I could not hear his words, but I know him well enough to know

that he was reciting Shakespeare. That man does not need to be pitied, but many of those who pity him are sadly in need of it. His neighbor, without education, has been very thrifty. He has accumulated much and has the means for gratifying his desires. When he desires recreation, he goes to Kansas City or Chicago and buys it. He would like to buy education, but he is too old for that. He knows naught of any but the material things of life, and consequently can think, or dream, of nothing else. Now, which of these two men, think you, is the more fortunate? Supposing them both to be good men morally, which life do you think the more pleasing in the sight of God? Which of these men will get the more enjoyment out of heaven, if heaven be a place where the happiness bestowed is limited only by the capacity of the recipient? The one sees things, and dreams, and lives. The other is blind and perishes.

One of the strangest things of life is the fact that so many people see so little of it, see nothing but what can be weighed and measured and bought and sold. To them the spring and summer and autumn are but times of sowing and planting, gathering and reaping, and the winter a time to hibernate, as do the bears and snakes and groundhogs. They dream, of course, but their only visions are of dollars made and dollars lost. In their life they find no revelation of God, but in the written or the spoken word. To such a man nature reveals nothing. He is as the blind, but for the conveniences of life.

> "*A primrose by a river's brim*
> *A yellow primrose was to him,*
> *And it was nothing more.*"

He can listen to the majestic tones of the great organ and wonder only at the skill of the player and the cost of the instrument, when its mighty music ought to make him dream

of the greatness of God, and its gentler tones reveal His tender mercies and loving kindness. God help the man to whom music doth not bring a vision!

John Keats stood before a Grecian urn and, looking at the carved figures thereon, said:

> "*Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought,*
> *As doth eternity.*"

"Tease us out of thought!" What did he mean? He meant that it made him dream, it brought him visions, and what a charming way that was to express the idea!—"dost tease us out of thought." Do nature and art tease you out of thought, good thought? It is true that nature on the prairies is so little varied and art is so scarce that there is not so much to tease our thoughts as one might wish, and I sometimes think that therein lies the cause of much of our restlessness.

One summer it was my good fortune to spend some time in the Cumberland Valley of Pennsylvania and among the hills and lakes of western New York. It did not require much acumen to discover that peace abounds there much more than on these prairies of ours, and I believe that it finds its way into the hearts of the people through the eye. There is nothing like a mountain to tease a man out of thought. The length and breadth and the sweep of a great prairie may bring to the heart a feeling of the greatness of God, but somehow the greatness seems only a matter of magnitude. It is not like standing on a mountain-top, where one may see a thousand beauties that make up the greatness, those green pastures and still beauties that make up the greatness, those green pastures and still waters that tell of His loving-kindness. There is no peace in the contemplation of the greatness of God unless that greatness be of the kind that is made up of tenderness and sympathy as well as of strength.

A few years ago I spent an evening at a farm-house in western Kansas, nine miles from the nearest railroad and four miles from the nearest neighbor. The house had been built in a little draw, not deep enough to conceal more than the lower story, but so deep that from the doors and windows of the house one's view was limited. The owner had evidently selected the location as a protection from the winds, but the daughter told me that she would die of unrest but for that little ravine. She said that there was really nothing to see, as it were, but there was a completeness about it that rested her, that made her dream. While it is true that of earthly blessings God withholds much of peace that men may be impelled continually to seek Him, yet there is not enough of His handiwork evident on the prairie to make men believe that He could comfort them.

But, my friends, though the prairies be monotonous, the mountains far distant, and the waters few, yet there is quiet enough in this life of ours to tease us out of all the thought that we possess. And does it? The great artist Turner was showing one of his pictures to a woman, and she remarked, "I do not see those colors in the sunset." "I dare say not," he said; "but don't you wish you could?" How many of us could see the colors of the rainbow until we were told that they were there? The immortal Shakespeare saw Cupid's darts

"*Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon.*"

That was a vision. The mighty Milton looked at the Milky Way and called it

"*A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold*
And pavement stars."

That was a vision. The soaring Shelley scanned the firmament and said:

"Heaven's ebon vault . . . .
Seems like a canopy which Love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world."

That was a dream. "The Mary in Heaven" for whom Robert Burns longed was a

". . . . *lingering star with lessening ray."*

And Wordsworth's Lucy, who

". . . . *dwelt among the untrodden ways,"*

was

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

These men were but dreamers and their names will never perish.

Not long since, George R. Peck, one of the greatest men who has ever lived in Kansas, said to me: "There is nothing in being a lawyer. It is simply a matter of premises and conclusions, premises and conclusions. But the poet, he has the great creative mind, he sees things and expresses them." The wide-spread fame of George R. Peck is based on his visions, and not on his legal ability. His great orations are matters of pure sentiment—far removed from his profession —and nothing more.

The beauty that arouses visions is not confined to those objects that appeal to and gratify one's æsthetic nature. Everything that is good is beautiful. Every act of self-sacrifice—and the world is full of them—ought to bring one a dream of heaven. A weary mother devoting a life to an invalid child, a wifeless father trying to support and keep

together his motherless children, the young man or young woman who sacrifices the realization of every hope and every ambition for the welfare of aged parents,—these, all of these, are things of beauty and ought to bring joy forever to the beholder of them; joy over the goodness dwelling in the hearts of men. And what is it that enables these men and women to bear such burdens? What is it that keeps them from perishing?

I know a woman who, for thirty years, ever since the death of her mother, has devoted her whole life to the care of an imbecile brother. He ought to be cared for by the State in one of its institutions, but she will not permit that, because he is her brother. Every day she washes and dresses and feeds him just as a mother does her baby. She is a slave to a fool, but it is the greatest instance of self-sacrifice that has ever come to my notice. How does the woman do it? What is it that keeps her from perishing? It is naught else but the vision of a pleased God. After all, the true test of life and of religion is self-sacrifice, and it is its own exceeding great reward, if we only knew it.

> *"I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;*
> *I woke, and found that life was Duty.*
> *Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?*
> *Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;*
> *And thou shalt find thy dream to be*
> *A truth and noonday light to thee."*

And when death comes to those whom we love most, why do we who are bereft toil on and live on? Why do we not perish with our broken hearts, and by our own hands, if not otherwise? Because we are saved by visions. If you will call to mind the love-affair between Claudio and Hero, as told by Shakespeare in "Much Ado About Nothing," you will remember that Claudio rejects Hero at the marriage altar because he believes her to have been unfaithful. She

swoons and it is given out that she died. The old friar, who was about to marry them, believes not a word of the slander, and says of Claudio:

> "*When he shall hear she died upon his words,*
> *The idea of her life shall sweetly creep*
> *Into his study of imagination,*
> *And every lovely organ of her life*
> *Shall come appareled in more precious habit,*
> *More moving-delicate and full of life,*
> *Into the eye and prospect of the soul,*
> *Than when she lived indeed.*"

That, my friends, is the vision that comes to us with the death of every loved one, that, and the vision that comes from the hope of a blessed union in the after-life.

And where there are no such visions, the people perish.

Patriotism is but a dream. "The ideals of the present are the history of the future," another has said. The only object of a knowledge of the past is to store the mind with new material out of which ideals for the future may be constructed. The state that comes

> "*Into the eye and prospect of his soul*"

is "appareled in more precious habit," but he loves it not the less. It is the duty of the teacher to show the pupil how these more precious habits may be made. In so doing, history will be portrayed and interpreted after the manner of literature, and that is the only true method. The material should be gathered and separated. Every part that is tainted with jingoism should be cast out. Yet jingoism is a fair conclusion to be drawn from general history. In truth, it is an inevitable conclusion, unless ethics step in and save it, and ethics is an ideal, as is patriotism. Out of the gathered and separated material the pupil should be taught to make a

State. He will make it in his mind, and when he has made it, he will love it because he has made it.

The language of patriotism is symbolism, and symbolism is only a matter of visions. The flag is nothing in itself but pieces of red, white and blue bunting, put together in a very inartistic form, but every star and every bar brings a vision of State, a vision of blood shed and battles won. Thus said Emerson, and he uttered but something that every one of you knows in your heart to be true. Every nation where the people had not these visions of patriotism and the blood did not tingle at the sight of an emblem "on an old rag of bunting" has long since perished and vanished from the face of the earth.

Hope has been defined by the poet as "the dream of those that wake." It is the one vision that, more than all others combined, keeps the people from perishing. Shakespeare says:

> *"The miserable have no other medicine,*
> *But only hope."*

It is hope that makes the joy of anticipation ofttimes greater than the joy of realization.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" applies to the crown that comes with every responsibility, and many of us who deem ourselves to be "prisoners of hope" do not realize the beauties and advantages of our imprisonment. If a man's hope be all for the material things of earth, then to him it is a medicine of little benefit. It cannot cure the disease of discontent. "It is of little consequence what a man has, if he imagines that he must have something more in order to be truly happy." The possession of money is a curse to a man if it but increase his hope and desire for more money. And here come in the mission and benefit of Christian education in Christian colleges taught by Christian men

and women, and yet Christian fathers and mothers send their sons and daughters to secular colleges, where no thought is taken of the hope that blooms within them. They should be taught that hope is something more than ambition; that hope leads to heaven and ambition often leads to hell.

"*By that sin fell the angels.*"

A man is judged by God not according to what he is, but according to what he hopes to be, and if he have not the vision of true hope, he will perish.

And faith is a vision, a vision of God. Every man creates his own God, and how few of us are competent to do it! The place of the creating is the human soul, and its powers are the instruments for the work. Herein comes the danger of an uneducated clergy. How shall a man who knows nothing of this place and these powers say that your God or my God is not the true God? "An honest God is the noblest work of man," and we ought to be so educated that we can make in our minds visions of an honest God, a true God, a worshipful God. The surprising thing is that so many people worship God, considering that they carry in their minds visions of a Being so absolutely unworthy of worship. Too many of us do not even know the attributes of God, and many who do, do not understand the nature of them, and in this way it is easy to account for much of the world's superstition.

But remember, that though mental training makes the correct vision of God, its clearness depends on purity of heart. Have you ever pondered over the full meaning of the wonderful beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God?" Every wrongful act or desire is as a veil between God and us, and it takes not many of them to shut Him from our sight, and then we perish. Our religion is vain if its chief concern be not to prevent the making and to ac-

complish the rending of these veils that shut out of our lives the light of His countenance.

The greatest boon that comes to us through the faculty of vision is the wonderful impression of freedom. The wings of thought never tire, and neither winds nor storms, neither land nor water, neither God nor man, retard their flight. They carry one to the high mountain where he may see all the world pass by and call it his, without falling down and worshiping Satan in return. This wonderful impression of freedom has not come to all men. They are like the poor shepherd who, blinded and lost in the snow-storm, perished within a few feet of his cottage door, not knowing it was there. The freedom is for all men, and nothing will bring so much happiness and joy and peace as the sense of it.

And so I plead for that culture which will so train and store the mind that there will come to it such a vision of patriotism as will inspire every citizen so to love his country as to strive to make it the noblest of earth. I plead for that culture which will bring such a vision of hope as will sustain and strengthen under the severest trials of affliction and the dearest sacrifices of self. I plead for that culture which will create such a vision of faith as will bring to every soul a true comprehension of "Him that walketh upon the wings of the wind."

Finally, I plead for that culture which will so train the faculty of vision that it may have the power and the joy of perceiving beauty in all truth, for

> *"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all*
> *Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."*

I plead for these visions because "where there is no vision, the people perish."

MASONRY.

MASONRY AND THE STATE.

ANY of the early Masons of this country forgot that silence and circumspection are of the greatest of Masonic virtues. To keep the reputation of the fraternity unsullied seems not to have been their constant care. Their zeal for the institution led them astray, and too much zeal in anything can do more positive injury than too little zeal. Argument or contention with one who believes, or pretends to believe, that Masons are organized for the purpose of burning barns and committing murder is a futile thing.

In those days of old the world watched Masonry—not to discover its virtues, but to detect its vices. Nowadays the world is too busy to watch anybody or any organization. Masonry must make itself felt—negative virtue is like an unuttered speech, absolutely worthless except to the one who possesses it. These are not times of defense and fortification —they are times of aggression and expansion. In everything the race is to the swift. Construction counts. Destruction falls by its own sword. That is true in Church and in State, in home and in society.

As members of the largest fraternal organization upon earth, "a sacred band of friends and brothers, among whom no contention should ever exist except that noble contention, or rather emulation, of who can best serve or best agree," we are units of the best government upon earth, "of the people, by the people, and for the people." If there is any relation of one to the other, we ought to know it. If there is any relation, it ought to be of such positive nature, so evident in

its effect, that the world cannot escape the knowledge of it.

The relation of Masonry to the State must be individual and personal in character. Not as an organization can it have any relation to the State under present conditions. In the exercise of civil government no secret society has a place, but in the formation of ideals and the practice of virtue, thereby making better citizens, it is capable of inestimable aid. The world has a right to ask about that matter, and the answer ought to be apparent in every Mason's daily walk and conversation. The world has the right to ask how it behooves us to be Masons if we are only as other men are. But why should we be different from other men, and how? Let me answer that in one respect only—in respect to our thoughts, our ideals.

Ethics is the science of human duty and Masonry teaches it by a series of symbols just as the State teaches patriotism. The flag is nothing in itself but pieces of red, white and blue bunting put together in such form as to violate all the traditions, all the principles and all the rules of art, but to you and to me it is the most beautiful flag in the world, because it means so much,—because every star and every stripe brings a vision of the growth and the greatness of our beloved country; brings visions of blood shed and battles won and lost. But this flag of ours ought to excite visions of the future as well as of the past. For the aging veteran it refreshes a memory which is a blessed heritage. In the fulness of his manhood he fought for it because he loved it. Now he loves it because he fought for it, and that is enough for him, and it ought to be.

But it will not be enough for the coming generation. A flag cannot wave forever upon the mere record of a memory. The best object of a knowledge of the past is to store the mind with material out of which ideals for the future may be

constructed. That is the first step, but how shall the material be used most effectively?

One cannot construct anything, whether it be a house or a book, until he gets into his mind a very clear image of what he is going to do. Man cannot make much of a State until he has a clear perception of what a State should be. The State that comes

"*Into the eye and prospect of his soul*"

must be, like Shakespeare's Hero, "appareled in more precious habit."

Our first Grand Master, King Solomon of Israel, said in a proverb, "Where there is no vision the people perish," and what did he mean? What is this wonderful power of vision that saves people from perishing? It is the power of perception, the power of seeing things with the eyes open and the eyes closed, and of seeing them in their right relations. Every nation where the people have not had visions of right living, of the duties which a man owes to his God, his country, his neighbor and himself, has perished, or is perishing, from the face of the earth.

Herein is the value of Masonry in its relation to the State. It cultivates men's powers of perception. It undertakes to make for men visions of right living. To be sure, it teaches other arts and sciences than that of human duty because it believes that man's perception and realization of his duties depend on the degree of culture his mind has received. Every Mason knows right from wrong regardless of whether he does right or wrong. Every Mason has, or ought to have, a point of view from which he can estimate the value of any act or word. In matters of State this is all important. It is much more important that a citizen know what a nation ought to be than that he know what it is. The really great statesman knows both,—and that is what makes

him great. Who shall say that the influence of Masonry is not apparent in the Declaration of Independence, when all but two, or possibly three, of its signers were Masons? Who shall say that Masonry did not aid our most illustrious brother, our first President, in establishing a standard fit for the measurement of all his successors? Who shall say that our late beloved martyr, who deemed it not beneath his dignity to lay aside the habit of State and clothe himself with the lambskin, who shall say that Masonry did not help to form his high ideals of justice between men and nations? These are but two of the great leaders whom we have chosen in the making of a State. These and all other great statesmen, nearly all of whom have been Masons, knew what was right and believed that the right would finally prevail. When John J. Ingalls, at the zenith of his glory, said that "the purification of politics is an iridescent dream," he not only separated himself from any enduring greatness, but did more actual harm to the Nation than did all the thieving politicians of his time.

The man who violates the law is not nearly so dangerous a citizen as he who says and thinks that the law ought to be violated. The man who violates his marriage vow is a safer citizen than the purest free-lover that ever lived. I would rather have for my neighbor a sneaking thief than an honest anarchist. A man who does wrong and knows it is wrong may not escape punishment in this world or the next, but he is a much more desirable citizen than the one who obeys a law, but advocates its violation by others, because he believes it wrong.

Sincerity of belief is no excuse for a wrong ideal. Ignorance is a better one; in truth, it is the only one. Masonry removes that, and the result is that the true relation of Masonry to the State lies in the revelation of the elements of good citizenship to its members.

But a Mason cannot give much to his State without sacrifice. He assumes with his oath at the altar a broader obligation of duty. Four hundred years ago a school-teacher told his pupils that "a high title doth charge a man with the heavy burden of too great a promise."

Nowhere has the advancement of civilization wrought more serious injury than in Masonry. While its benefits have been great, yet the misfortune outweighs them. Organized charity, as the term is now used, has become a part of Masonry as it has of the churches, and it has eliminated from our life the element of sacrifice. It was a sorry day for our fraternity when personal sacrifice on the part of its members became unnecessary, and it is unnecessary. A Mason can live and die nowadays, and leave a very respectable reputation behind him, without ever having given away a dollar that he needed. Perhaps he deserves no blame for having so lived, but it is a lamentable condition that permits him so to live and yet be a reputable Mason.

Organized charity is better for those who receive it, because of its regularity—that is, it is more convenient, and takes away the danger of "a feast or a famine." However, it gives to some of its recipients the idea of a "vested right," thereby preventing any feeling of gratitude, which is the least of the virtues, and its absence, consequently, the greatest of the vices. But in organized charity, as we use it in Masonry, there is no element of sacrifice, and the practice of it is of no benefit to the giver.

In our local lodge life the charity is all disbursed from the general fund, so that no member feels it. If a needy brother calls on us or is discovered by us, we send him around to the Master or to the relief board. If a brother be sick, we hire a nurse at the expense of the lodge, so that we may not sacrifice so much as a night's sleep. The hired nurse

may be better for the sick brother, which is the argument we use to quell our conscience, but how about ourselves?

A Past Grand Master of an adjoining State remarked to me that his Masonry never entered into his business; that in his office, at his counter, he dealt with a Mason as with every other man; that business is business. I asked him if he meant by that that he would rob a Mason just as quickly as he would any other man.

In a hotel office at Topeka a traveling man, who is a Mason, said that customers often asked favors in the way of prices or terms of payment on Masonic grounds, but that it "did not go." My brethren, why does it not "go"? Has it come to pass that Masonry is so far removed from business that it is not worth a favor? Not worth the sacrifice of a mere method? Not worth the sacrifice of a dishonest dollar?

And we all know how it is in politics. So many brethren seem to take pride in announcing that their Masonry never interferes with their politics, as though it were a virtue. Most men's politics would be cleaner if they would let their Masonry interfere with it.

In his essay on "Character," Emerson said: "We have no pleasure in thinking of a benevolence that is only measured by its works. Love is inexhaustible, and if its estate is wasted, its granary emptied, still cheers and enriches; and the man, though he sleep, seems to purify the air, and his house to adorn the landscape and strengthen the laws. We know who is benevolent, by quite other means than the amount of subscription to soup societies. It is only low merits that can be enumerated."

The giver who prides himself on the giving gets no benefit from the act. Massillon gave this beautiful expression to the idea: "Charity, my brethren, is the sweet odor of Jesus Christ, which evaporates and is lost the moment it is uncovered." And another said: "For God weigheth more with

how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much." Take that last thought: "He doeth much that loveth much," and measure the contents of your heart by it. The man whose heart is right needs not a word of what I am saying, for "love needs no teaching nor precept." The man who begrudges his wife a dollar is a brute, without one particle of love in his heart. The churchman who gives for religion's sake only the dollar that he is teased and shamed into giving is the meanest kind of a sinner. Love ought never to be hungry.

"If but the world would give to love
The crumbs that from its table fall,
'T were bounty large enough for all
The famishing to feed thereof.

"And Love, that still the laurel wins
Of Sacrifice, would lovelier grow,
And round the world a mantle throw
To hide its multitude of sins."

President Roosevelt, in his address at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the initiation of George Washington into Masonry, said that "when Brother George Washington went into a lodge of the fraternity, he went into the one place in the United States where the idea of our government was realized as far as it is humanly possible for mankind to realize a lofty ideal"; that the lesson of brotherhood is to be learned "with a full heart on the one hand and without a weak head on the other."

And not less worthy was Mr. Roosevelt's own message: "When all is said and done, the rule of brotherhood remains as the indispensable prerequisite to success in the kind of national life for which we strive."

The rule of brotherhood is the perception and performance of our duties to one another. It is found in Masonry!

BROTHERLY LOVE.

A NEW thought on brotherly love is one of the impossibilities of earth. It is of the very essence of human life, the foundation of human intercourse, the motive of all art, the precept of religion, the object of Masonry. We are taught it at home, in church, and school, and lodge. The knowledge of it came to us with the first spark of life as we lay up next to the beating of our mothers' hearts, before we had seen the light of any day. That knowledge has been cherished, cultivated, expressed and symbolized by the art of Masonry. We have been admonished by lectures, bound by oaths, enlightened by symbols, and the question is, Do we love one another more than other men do? Do the cross and the rose mean more than the square and the compass? Every brother must answer that for himself. He only, of earth, knows the contents of his own heart. He only can plead obedience to the "new commandment."

All the obligations of Masonry, in all the degrees of all the rites, resolve themselves into two pledges, and one is secrecy, and the other brotherly love. The first needs no teaching,—it is so easily kept. The second is not so easily kept, but can it be taught? To be sure, the form of the practice of it can be taught, and for that reason there is a place for Christian ethics in all Christian schools, and ought to be in all other schools. Masonry is no more than a system of ethics, and if it be good Masonry, genuine Masonry, it is a system of Christian ethics. The universality of Masonry is a myth. There is none of it outside Christendom.

Is it true that Masonry undertakes, by a system of vows, lectures and symbols, to put this matter of brotherly love and the practice of it into such concrete form that it will appeal to the emotions of men? The abstract never reaches the heart. One may love a dog, but never a thought,—unless that thought has materialized itself into an image; and then it is no longer abstract. One cannot love God until he has materialized Him. For that reason the Savior was sent,—that we might create within us a God of such form and attributes that we might love Him,—that we might have the Word made flesh that we might love it. We talk about loving this principle or that,—this theory or that, but we do nothing of the kind. No principle or theory has ever quickened the beating of a man's heart.

In the economy of present-day life brotherly love is of the abstract. It is indefinite, intangible, vaporous, and vanishing. We boast of it, as Judas did, and straightway go and forget it, as Peter did. Notwithstanding all of our civilization and Christianity, every morning and every evening the news tells us of men murdered, characters crucified, property pilfered, and women betrayed. We do not do such things ourselves, but other men do. To stop it all, we have tried, to be sure, by law, but have we ever tried to stop it by love? Instead, have we not washed our hands, as Pilate did, and murmured something about not being our brother's keeper, as Cain did? Many years ago Mr. William D. Howells wrote an article in *The Century* on the question, "Who Are Our Brothers?" and in it he said:

"After all, we are our brothers' keepers, though a Cainic society has been denying it ever since the first murder. We are put into one another's custody in this world; here, where so many things are in doubt, this is unquestionable. Up to the present time our notion of a custodian has been some sort of jailer. Society really provides no other for the weaker

brethren. We imprison people whom we find wandering about without a home; we imprison utter poverty; we imprison hopeless misfortune. We may not all of us think that a very fine thing; but we have to draw the line somewhere, and if we are brought to look about it, we shrug our shoulders and ask, 'What are we to do? Are we to give tramps a decent lodging? Are we to secure misfortune without shutting it up and putting it to shame?' These questions, which are of our own asking, must be of our own answering. It is not that misery is growing, but that it is growing intolerable, if not to the sufferer, then to the witness. Jailer or brother, which shall it be? There is no middle choice, and there never was, and if we do not choose brother, jailer will choose itself. There is something terribly active in evil; it is positive, full of initiative The weed comes, and flourishes against the hoe; the useful plant must be coaxed to come, and must be carefully tended; the flower must be cherished. All morality, all civility, is the effect of trying to be good."

There came to my office the other day a man seeking subscriptions for helping friendless men, discharged criminals. These Christian workers stand at the doors of our prisons and as terms are ended they take the convicts in charge and find homes and work for them. I did not know that there was such a society. And why? Simply because I have been living a life in which the keeping of my brother has been the least of it, and the very thought makes one ashamed. The shame is all the greater to those of us who are supposed to have received all the light there is in Masonry.

Let us consider for a moment the relation of brotherly love to other sentiments of affection, and thus, perhaps, we may come to a fuller realization of the possibility of the performance of our duties to our fellow-men. In the first place, brotherly love is not friendship,—not that sacred feeling between two men which makes the companionship and com-

munion of one indispensable to the happiness of the other. I mean that friendship the two elements of which, says Emerson, are Truth and Tenderness.

And what is meant by truth between friends? Emerson answers it by saying: "A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud." Surely such sincerity is a rare sort of thing. Let me ask you here to-night if there has ever come into your life any person, divine or human, man or woman, before whom you have dared to think aloud—that is, to whom you have dared to express all your thoughts. Probably not, but doubtless there have come into your life more than once men to whom you have uncovered yourself in a way and to a degree that would be impossible to a group or society of persons, regardless of the oaths that bound them. In the ordinary meaning of the terms, we are friends and brothers. We would make sacrifice for one another freely and fully, if need for it ever should be, but there is not between us that element of truth which Emerson describes. We give and take from one another in sentiment more than other men do perhaps. There is a good fellowship among us that is to be cherished and fostered and increased and cultivated, but absolute truth is not here.

And what is this tenderness that is one element of real friendship? Another has said: "We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance, badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed, and we so pure, that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune." What a beautiful thought that is! Genuine love between men is so unusual a thing that its very existence is doubted by many minds. But one into whose heart it has come has no misgiving about it. There is in it

the softest tenderness of life. A man's love for a woman oft-times brings restlessness, but his love for a man brings peace.

It is proper in this connection to make recognition of the difference in our physical organisms which makes the truth and tenderness of genuine love impossible. We all know that there are healing and peace and rest and confidence in the touch of one person, and restlessness and nervousness in that of another to such a degree that genuine affection is an impossibility. Yet between such men there may be all the necessary elements of brotherly love. One may serve and sacrifice for another even though he may not soothe him.

To return to the first question: I believe that as men receive more light in Masonry their hearts become larger; that the cross and the rose, and all the signs and symbols from the third to the thirty-third degree, give an added meaning to the square and compass.

To quote Ruskin: "There is no wealth but life—life, including all its power of love, of joy, and admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and, by means of his possessions, over the lives of others. A strange political economy; the only one, nevertheless, that ever was or can be; all political economy founded on self-interest being but the fulfillment of that which once brought schism into the policy of angels and ruin into the economy of Heaven."

This practice of love for one's fellow-men is its own exceeding great reward. The utter satisfaction that comes from it is an inexpressible thing, and the evidence of it stamps itself on the outer as well as the inner man. It makes for one a new heaven and a new earth,—in a word, a new life. It may not prevent the coming of silvery hairs, but it will wipe the wrinkles all away. Strange it is how a large heart

makes a beaming brow, but we see the miracle day after day as we go up and down the world. Some years ago Mr. John Burroughs expressed the thought in an essay in these beautiful words:

"But nothing can take the place of love. Love is the measure of life; only so far as we love do we really live. The variety of our interests, the width of our sympathies, the susceptibilities of our hearts—if these do not measure our lives, what does? As the years go by, we are all of us more or less subject to two dangers, the danger of petrifaction and the danger of putrifaction; either that we will become hard and callous, crusted over with customs and conventions till no new ray of light or of joy can reach us, or that we will become lax and disorganized, losing our grip upon the real and vital sources of happiness and power. Now, there is no preservative and antiseptic, nothing that keeps one's heart young like love, like sympathy, like giving one's self with enthusiasm to some worthy thing or cause."

As age comes many of us are prone to crawl back into our shells and there grow hard or waste ourselves away, wilfully forgetting how much more glorious it is to be afield amidst the budding and the blooming of human life and all other Nature. There love abounds and one cannot get away from him, for he is ever knocking at the heart's door. Let him in, and the years will never come "when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them;" "nor the clouds return after the rain."

WASHINGTON.

HE events of the last few years have revived within the hearts of the American people the spirit of hero-worship, and every knee has bended at its altar. We have apostrophized and apotheosized everything and everybody, from "the maid who bound her warrior's sash" to "the conquering hero who returned." There have been some exceptions, of course. There has been some slight friction among the heroes, owing to differences in the heights of their pedestals, but it has not prevailed to any great extent—for which all good men ought to be and are duly thankful.

"We all love great men, and no nobler or more blessed feeling dwells in man's heart," said that Carlyle who told us why and how we worship heroes. We Americans hesitate a little about admitting that we are hero-worshipers,—we fear the custom is not quite in line with our professed ideas regarding equality, liberty and the like, but the record of old and of late is against us. Perhaps a charge of fickleness in some instances might be proved, but the ultimate findings of our heads and hearts are generally just. Occasionally one comes across a man who vehemently denies that he is a worshiper of any living man, but a brief acquaintance will prove that such a man is ever a hero to himself—that he not only insists that he is quite as good as every other man, but hesitates to admit that any other man is quite as good as he. Some men seem determined never to learn that they cannot pull themselves up by pulling others down,—that it is so much easier to get a

man out of the way by pushing him on and up than by invidious assault.

It is quite possible, and probable, that the current record of the events of the past few years was so colored, or, rather, discolored, by politics, that we need to refresh our minds with something of a standard before attempting to measure some part of the life of that hero whose name we revere, and for that purpose our thoughts involuntarily turn to Carlyle and Emerson. From the latter we learn: that, "Self-trust is the essence of heroism;" that, "It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of being scorned." We learn also: that, "There seems to be no interval between greatness and meanness. When the spirit is not master of the world, then it is its dupe;" that, "The temperance of the hero proceeds from the wish to do us dishonor to the worthiness he has. But he loves it for its elegancy, not for its austerity;" that, "The characteristic of heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity."

With these thoughts in mind of what a great man is in private ways, let us consider for a time Washington, the man and the Mason. One cannot be a good Mason without being a good man; however, not every good man makes a good Mason. If George Washington possessed those traits of character which makes a good Mason, then he must have been more of a man and less of a god than he has been painted.

It is hard to give up that old-time sentiment of Congress, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," because one can say it so rhythmically, sing it so easily, and dance it so gracefully. But George Washington is not "first in the hearts of his countrymen"—certainly not since Abraham Lincoln inherited this part of the earth. His is the

love one has for a marble statue, with a little gratitude mixed therewith,—and gratitude is the least of men's virtues. We have longed for a little color in his cheeks, and may, perhaps, have had the unexpressed wish that he had lied about the cherry-tree at first, admitted it afterward, and taken a good, sound thrashing for it. However, there is some consolation in the thought that he cut the tree down, if the story be true.

Do not for a minute imagine that, in order to put blood into our hero, it is my intention to gather and present to you his weaknesses. Were one disposed, it could be shown that he wrote verse—love verse—which was the merest doggerel, and some of it was even acrostic in form. Nothing worse than that can be imagined of a man, but it shows a streak of humanity that will put him in sweet accord with many hearts—in Kansas.

Then again, at the close of one of his letters, these words appear: "I never again will have two women in my house when I am there myself." There is something refreshingly human about that, although one is not quite sure of his meaning. However, let it be borne firmly in mind that the latest and best authorities declare that there was no foundation for the suspicions of immorality that have hovered about Washington's name. No harm has come from such suspicions because they have not been generally known or believed. Over a hundred years ago Thomas Dawes, of Massachusetts, wrote this: "May the name of Washington continue steeled as it ever has been, to the dark, slanderous arrow that flieth in secret; for none have offered to eclipse his glory but have afterwards sunk away diminished and shorn of their beams."

In "Under the Old Elm," the only great Washington poem, Lowell prays

> *"For a drop of that carnelian ink*
> *Which gave Agricola dateless length of days,*
> *To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve*

To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's brink,
With him so statue-like in sad reserve,
So diffident to claim, so forward to deserve."

You will note his use of the term "statue-like," but he limits it by the words "diffident to claim." McMaster speaks of Washington's "cold heart" and Carlyle calls him a "Cromwell with the juice squeezed out." But the later biographers and critics, such as Henry Cabot Lodge, Paul Leicester Ford and Leila Herbert, have found much warmth—and juice—in his life and character. There is something about Washington's personal appearance that brings admiration without love. Considerable has been said about his nice clothes, but I trust that the time is long past in this country when the man who sleeps in his clothes is considered nearer to the hearts of the great common people on that account.

The truth is, Washington did not say enough about himself. He wrote volumes, but they were mere records and accounts. The expression of his life was purely objective, and how refreshing that thought is in these days of that mental and moral dissection, which pervades every realm of literature. Public men are so prone to hold themselves up to view that they quite obscure the objects and aims they are supposed to be presenting.

In no realm of life does the character of Washington appeal to one so forcefully and tenderly as in his relations to his family. He had a host of relatives, by marriage and otherwise, good, bad and indifferent. He more than met every requirement, by law and by blood, and in a way that was both just and generous. They all seemed to depend on him for everything. Toward those who proved themselves worthy he showed the tenderest regard. His brother John he described as "the intimate companion of my youth and the friend of my ripened age." He paid his older brother's debts, which were considerable, and in his will discharged the obligation.

His nephews and nieces came in for their share of consideration; in the way of means of education and employment. He was particularly fond his namesake, the son of his brother Charles, and when the young man died leaving a widow and children, he urged them to make their home at Mt. Vernon, assuring them that they could go "to no place where they would be more welcome," and adding that the offer was made with his "whole heart."

Step-fathers, like step-mothers, seldom receive the credit of being good parents, but Washington was a good father to the children of his wife. At different times this man adopted or assumed the expenses and charge of not less than nine of the children of his kith and kin. In his will he made bequests to forty-one of his own and his wife's relations.

In speaking of his childlessness, another has uttered this beautiful thought: "God left him childless that he might be the father of his country."

Nothing is more to be desired in this life than close personal friendships—particularly between men,—friendships of the kind that are ever ready for self-sacrifice. It is not the number of one's friends that counts—except in politics—but the intensity of the love one man has for another. The most unpopular man in my town has one friend who longs for opportunities to fight for him, to make some sacrifice for him, and I firmly believe that some day that one friendship will bring that man much respect. After all is said and done, the true test of love, of religion, of life, is self-sacrifice, and the practice of it is one's own exceeding great reward, regardless of what may come to him in this world or the next.

There is no more blessed possession than one of those friendships which are the recreations of life, where a man may go and uncover himself, tell his secret hopes and ambitions, his successes and failures, even though they be but dollars made and dollars lost; to feel that whatever accident may

come, there is one who will be ready to help and to save; one whose absence makes the days longer and the nights darker. "A heart upon the sleeve" makes good material for obituary notices, but it is not long before the old files of the paper have to be examined to refresh the memory.

Sometimes a man's relations to his God, his country, and himself are so much discussed that we quite overlook the matter of his relations to his neighbors and conclude that he had no such relations. Until of late that has been the case with Washington's memory. We have taken it for granted that a man

> *"Wise beyond love, and without weakness good,*
> *Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude,"*

might be respected, but could not be loved. (And, parenthetically, it may be said that that kind of verse, though by Whittier, is just as injurious as the cherry-tree story.) But Washington had friends whom he loved and who loved him.

In the early days, before the Revolution, one Captain Stewart asked for a loan of four hundred pounds, and Washington, then a young man, sent him three hundred, all he had, because, as he said, of "a regard of that high nature that I could never see you uneasy without feeling a part and wishing to remove the cause." That is the expression of true friendship, but Captain Stewart returned to Engand and not so much as wrote his friend and benefactor for fifteen years.

Much has been said and written of the relations between Washington and Hamilton, but the record seems to show one continual effort on the part of the former to befriend the latter, but not so much can be said of Hamilton. At one time he spoke of Washington's "cold heart," but when the end came, a hundred years ago, Hamilton said: "No man in this community has equal cause to deplore the loss."

The most striking, the most picturesque of the Washing-

ton friendships was that of La Fayette. To him our hero was an "adopted father," to use his own words. Only passing note can be made of the relations of these two men. A volume would not suffice. After Yorktown, when La Fayette was about to leave for France, Washington wrote: "I owe it to friendship and to my affectionate regard for you, not to let you leave this country without carrying fresh marks of my attachment to you."

La Fayette visited this country in 1784, and after he had returned Washington wrote: "In the moment of our separation, upon the road as I traveled, and every hour since, I have felt all that love, respect, and attachment for you with which length of years, close connection, and your merits have inspired me. I often asked myself, as our carriages separated, whether that was the last sight I ever should have of you."

But the expression of Washington's regard depended not on mere words, for he was not less a man of action in love than in war. Later, when misfortune came to La Fayette, and he was cast into an Austrian prison, he expressed to his wife his sympathy, and supposing that money was needed, caused to be deposited at Amsterdam two hundred guineas subject to her order. During the imprisonment La Fayette's son was sent to America and became a member of Washington's family. In Washington's ledger is this item: "By Geo. W. La Fayette, gave for the purpose of his getting himself such small articles of clothing as he might not choose to ask for—$100." Could anything be more delicate than that? It surely must have won that boy's heart, if it was not already his.

These are a few and only a few of the deep friendships formed by our First American. There were others, many of them, not less intense, but these will suffice to refute the idea that our hero was a man "without close friends," that he had "a cold heart," that he was "statue-like."

In this connection, one must not overlook that generous

hospitality that ever abounded at Mount Vernon, as well for the stranger as for the friend, and it was of the right kind. It was "for service and not for show," done with a dignified gentility that made the host and the house the talk of all the land.

Before referring to the Masonry of this most distinguished Mason of modern times, it seemed best to endeavor to show that he was of the kind of men that make good Masons, and I trust that has been done. And was he a good Mason?

The record of his Masonry is brief. In my researches I found a copy of the brief address given by the Grand Master of Virginia at the dedication of the Washington Monument. This was his introduction: "This gavel, prepared for the express purpose, was presented to Washington and used by him as President of the United States, and also as Grand Master *pro tempore* in laying the corner-stone of the Capitol of the Nation on the 18th day of September, 1793. Immediately thereafter he presented it to Potomac Lodge, No. 9, in whose possession it has ever since remained. It was used in laying the corner-stone of this obelisk, July 4, 1848. Also the corner-stone of the equestrian statue of Washington at the Circle, and at its dedication, February 22, 1860. It was likewise used at the laying of the corner-stone of the extension of the Capitol, July 4, 1851; also by the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Virginia at the laying of the corner-stone of the Yorktown Monument, October 18, 1881; and at many other public buildings in various States.

"Here behold the sacred volume, belonging to Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4, of Virginia, upon which he took his first vows to Masonry, November 4, 1752, and here the constitution of that lodge signed by him.

"Here the sacred book, belonging to St. John's Lodge, No. 1, in the city of New York, upon which, on the 30th day of

April, 1789, he took the oath of office as first President of the United States.

"Here the great light belonging to Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, of Alexandria, Va., upon which he, as the Worshipful Master of that lodge, received the vows of the initiates made by him.

"This is the apron worn by him, which was wrought by Madame La Fayette, and presented to him by that noble lody, the wife of the distinguished General La Fayette, Washington's compatriot, friend, and Masonic brother.

"This golden urn contains a lock of Washington's hair, which was presented to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, in 1800, by Mrs. Washington, and has been transmitted by every Grand Master of that Grand Lodge to his successor immediately after his installation.

"This lesser light is one of the three candles which was borne in Washington's funeral procession, by Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, and was taken into the first tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, where, on December 18, 1799, his mortal remains were deposited."

From the same source and others I have gathered these facts which were not mentioned in the documents: When commander-in-chief of the Army, Washington occupied the chief place in the Masonic procession, on the occasion of St. John's (Evangelical) Day, 1778, at Philadelphia. When the Grand Lodge of Virginia was organized, Washington was elected Grand Master, an honor he was compelled to decline, he not having at that time served as Master of a lodge. In 1780 the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania unanimously nominated General Washington as Grand Master of Masons of the United States, an office to which he would have been elected had not the sentiment and policy of Masonry at that time been opposed to a National Grand Lodge. From the latest writings of our distinguished brother we find evidence of his love and devo-

tion to the principles of Masonry. On the 2d day of May, 1791, he wrote the Grand Lodge of South Carolina that he "recognized with pleasure" his "relations to the brethren," whose principles "lead to purity of morals and beneficence of action." Still later, in 1793, he wrote the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, in response to its dedication to him of its "Book of Constitutions," that it is "pleasing to know that the milder virtues of the heart are highly respected by the society whose liberal principles are founded on the immutable laws of truth and justice." Again, he wrote King David's Lodge, of Rhode Island, that Masonry promotes "private virtue and public prosperity," and that he should "always be happy to advance the interests of the society, and to be considered by them a 'deserving brother.' "

In April, 1798, not three years before his death, he wrote the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts: "My attachment to the society will dispose me always to contribute my best endeavors to preserve the honor and interest of the craft."

On November 8, 1799, he wrote the Grand Lodge of Maryland that, "The principles and doctrines of Freemasonry are founded in benevolence and to be exercised for the good of mankind."

General Washington never forgot Masonry when a soldier. He encouraged and visited camp lodges and participated in their labor, frequently officiating as Master. It was at the Freeman's Tavern, on the green of Morristown, N. J., that he made General La Fayette a Free Mason. Upon an occasion, a detachment of the American Army overcoming a British force, captured from them the working tools, jewels, and clothing of a military lodge. General Washington, upon learning this, ordered restoration, declaring that "he waged no war against philanthropy and benevolence."

There is not much in this record, but there is enough to show that our hero esteemed it a very great honor to be a

Master Mason; that he considered Masonry one of the chief goods of life and lost no opportunity to publish to the world the fact of his connection with it. He entered it before maturity and remained with it to the very end. The heart of every Mason is made to swell with pride by the thought that our first President stood out before the assembled multitude clothed as a Master Mason and that to-day our last President delights to do the same. It calls to mind these words of the apprentice charge: "The greatest and best of men in all ages have been encouragers and promoters of the Art, and have never deemed it derogatory from their dignity to level themselves with the Fraternity, extend their privileges, and patronize their assemblies."

In the Master Mason's charge we are twice told that it is our duty to support the dignity of our character on every occasion, and in all history who hath shown more of dignity in every walk of life than Washington? Who hath more perfectly performed those duties which all Masons, and every other man, owe to God, their country, their neighbors, and themselves? And right here is the lesson that ought to come to every Mason: Not so much do we need to study "the early influence of Masonry on the development of the American idea of the equality of men," as to study the life and character of this "just and upright Mason."

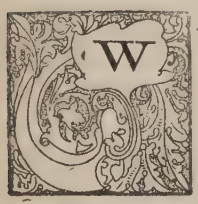
There ought to be something in or about every Mason to distinguish him from the rest of the world, something more than the charm on his chain or the ring on his finger. How does it behoove us to be Masons, if we are only as other men are? The mere possession of secrets that other men have *not* is only the means to an end. Secrecy begets confidence and confidence begets love, but what does our love beget? Does it beget self-sacrifice or *true* manhood?

If not, then let us stop and examine ourselves. Let us

examine ourselves in the light that comes from the life and character of George Washington. There was a man clean, temperate, generous, self-sacrificing, forgetting not his God, affectionate with friends, honorable with his enemies, and proud of his Masonry!

VERSE.

THE EASTER FLOWER.



ITHIN the heart of everyone there grows
A little flower, and though it be not rare,
Yet who can tell by whom 't was planted there
Or whence it came? 'T is like the budding rose,
Most beautiful—a balm for all the woes
Of life, the griefs, the pains that men must bear.
On Easter morn more full it blooms and fair
Than all the year . . . . aye, lily-like, it glows.

To cherish lovingly this tender flower,
To give new strength, reduce its frailties,
He suffered, died in deepest agony
And rose again! In memory of that hour
It blossoms now,—so sweet, so fragrant is
This Blessed Hope of Immortality.

THE PALMS.

UST once in all that simple, brief career,
Did He consent that homage might be brought,
And what a gathering it was! How fraught
With hope and faith and love! Ah! He was dear
To each of them. No element of fear
Or favor caused their hearts to be thus wrought,
Nor victories won, nor battles bravely fought;
For love alone, they came from far and near.

No shackled slaves as spoils of war were there,
No banners waved, nor arch, triumphal, spanned
The way, but long hosannas reached the sky—
Until it seemed "the very stones would cry,"
And then, the emblems offered by each hand
Made His an entry, simple, precious, rare.

TO SIDNEY LANIER.

HEN through my sorrow-laden heart
Regret's keen-pointed arrows dart,
Penetrating its inmost part,
Oh! then it is I turn to thee,
Seeking thy loving sympathy,
As though thou wert a friend to me.
And as I read, in thought I rise
Aloft within thy beauteous skies,—
Soul-satisfying paradise.
There ever soaring,
In love exploring,
With mind and heart and soul adoring,
I forget the world.

TO HER.

LOVE thee, friend of mine,
for what thou art.
I know not how by others
thou art seen,
But this I know full well,
thou art my queen—
A sovereign kind, the ruler of my heart.
A mild supremacy thou dost impart,
And ever dost thou rule with gentle mien,
In manner soft with countenance serene,
Thine only scepter being Cupid's dart.

The homage due thy majesty I bring,
I even lay my kingdom at thy feet:
'T is not a great nor yet a worthy thing,
But undivided, loyal, true, complete;
To thee, beloved, 't will always cleave and cling—
That thou wilt take and keep it, I entreat.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

RONDEL.

H! bid me come, my God, to Thee,
This holiest night of all the year;
The world hath been unkind to me,
My way in life is dark and drear;

I have no friends to love me here,
And Thou alone canst set me free;
Oh! bid me come, my God, to Thee,
This holiest night of all the year.

Thy loving face I long to see,
And in my heart I have no fear
But that 't will bring me Christmas cheer,
Unspotted though I may not be—
Oh! bid me come, my God, to Thee.

ST. VALENTINE.

RONDEAU.

BRING my love to thee
to-day,
And bring it in that
good old way
Our fathers used and
thought so meet
For telling love to maidens sweet—
Alas! those times have passed away.

I do not ask that thou repay,
Nor yet demand, "Si tu m'aimais"—
An offering, unsought, complete,
I bring my love.

So take this humble roundelay,
A valentine, nor bright nor gay,
But fraught with hope, with faith replete,
Ah me! I worship at thy feet,
And though thou mayst not let me stay,
I bring my love.

IN MEMORIAM.

T TIMES 't is given unto man to know
A woman who to him doth seem a queen,—
Such dignity hath she, such gentle mien,
Though age hath ripened her and life be low.
With love she ever ruleth, striving to bestow
Upon her world, ofttimes in ways unseen,
A richer life, dispassionate, serene.
To one of these, how great the debt we owe!

Just such a woman, gentle, true, was she
Whom God hath called to dwell with Him above,
A recompense well earned and well bestowed:
Cultured, refined, adorned with piety,
A subject fit for kingdoms ruled by love,
Revered she 'll stand within that blest abode.

A GREETING.

RONDEAU.

'M glad she 's come, this bit of grace
To make our love grow on apace,
The first to seal our marriage vow—
A tender link—ah, even now
She casts a ray from mother's face!

I long for license to embrace
This bunch of flannels and of lace,
To tell her how, in heart, just how
I 'm glad she 's come.

The joy I feel none can efface,
And yet I live in piteous case;
I only stand and humbly bow,
My usual post they 'll not allow;
But though I yield to her my place,
I 'm glad she 's come!

MEMORIAL DAY.

IT is not much,—this work of ours
That sends us forth with beauteous flowers
To decorate the graves of those
Who fought and died; and yet, who knows
A comelier token to impart
The love that fills a woman's heart?
Bedew these blooms with falling tear,
A tribute unto memory dear,—
While standing here with bowed head,
Silent among the Nation's dead!

TRIOLET.

'T WAS only a Jacqueminot rose
That she wore on her snowy breast;
Yet, no other person knows
'Twas only a Jacqueminot rose
This shy little maiden chose,
As a token of love confessed—
'Twas only a Jacqueminot rose
That she wore on her snowy breast.

THANKSGIVING.

IF aught for good hath come to thee
Within the year,
If Heaven hath served thee graciously
With cups of cheer,
Give thanks! And if thine enemy
Hath suffered much adversity,
Then shed for him in sympathy
A loving tear.

TO KANSAS.

NOT for what she has done for me,
Though it be great,
For what she is, her majesty,
I love my State.